

Where have all the young men gone?

--a Guardian probe into LBJ's 'divided country'

When President Johnson announced he would not seek reelection, he spoke of a "divided country" and the "ugly consequences of this disunity."

In this issue, The Guardian publishes four major stories reflecting and analyzing this divisiveness in the Bay Area alone:

(1) Thousands of Bay Area young men are risking jail and future careers to escape the draft and the war in Viet Nam (p. 1) ... (2) Interviews with returning veterans show the doubt and disillusionment among the fighting men in Viet Nam (p. 1) ... (3) An "underground railway" has emerged to take draft defectors into Canada (p. 3) ... (4) Disaffection with the war in Viet Nam has been significantly misreported by the press (p. 9).

The statistics of Bay Area draft dissent

By Nancy Hunn and Bruce B. Brugmann

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Thousands of young men in the Bay Area alone are risking their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to resist the draft and the war in Vietnam, an extensive Guardian survey has disclosed.

The figure will swell to the tens of thousands after June graduations if President Johnson's dramatic deescalation doesn't work in Viet Nam and if heavy draft calls continue.

If this number of AWOLs, conscientious objectors, Canadian emigrants, draft card burners and draft defectors could be precisely fixed, the total would be so enormous that it would undoubtedly be the most impressive single statistic of our generation.

Highest in History

Never before in the history of the U.S. have so many of the nation's young men rebelled--to the point of imprisonment, renouncing citizenship and mortgaging future careers--and so few been willing to serve their country in time of war.

One illuminating set of statistics makes this point dramatically. Of 690 draft age young men who came to Draft Help, a responsible, state-supported draft counselling group at San Francisco State College, 36 per cent said they would go to jail or to Canada before serving in the Army. Fifty per cent said they would try either legal or illegal means to stay out. Only two per cent, 12 per-

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'Doubts and Frustration' --War Veterans Open Up

By Printer L. Bowler

"Let me tell you this, buddy. That war over there is the worst thing that could happen to anybody--Americans. Viet Name--anybody! I can't believe how we got into this--tearing up the lousy country, bombing everything in sight ... getting shot at and a lot of my buddies blown away. For what, man? For what?"

The stocky young man, his face bristling red beneath a deep suntan, hadn't burned his draft card, wasn't wearing long hair and beads, and didn't carry a "Peace" button. He is a Specialist Fourth Class with the Army's tough 101st Airborne Division, and he had just stepped off the Boeing 707 that brought him from Cam Ranh Bay, South Viet Nam, to Travis Air Force Base, Calif.

The soldier, Jim K-----, 21, of St. Louis, Mo., leveled his right hand across his choppy military crew-cut and declared, "I've had it up to here, man, and so have a lot of the guys."

I understand his bitterness and frustration. I was an Army captain, serving as executive officer of a

psychological warfare unit in Da-nang, Viet Nam. I've heard similar sentiments from scores of soldiers I served with there, and from dozens of personal interviews I conducted this past month with returning veterans -- at the passenger terminal in Travis AFB moments after they arrived, sipping cokes at the downtown USO, lying in military hospital beds, cruising through late night joints around Union Square and waiting

for the last plane home at SF International Airport.

Loud and Clear

One message came through loud and clear: Many enlisted men and officers are becoming fed up with the war they've been fighting in Viet Nam.

In fact, I was hard put, before President Johnson's dramatic withdrawal, to find a single veteran who would firmly commit himself to vote for LBJ to continue as his commander-in-chief.

Undoubtedly, there are veterans who strongly supported the President, but I didn't find any. The men I talked to were either against the present administration or undecided -- because of recent military setbacks in Viet Nam and the unpredictably shifting face of presidential politics at home.

Contrary to President Johnson's continuous reminders that "our boys over there know what they're fighting for" and Gen. Westmoreland's official assessment that "the morale of the American fighting man in Vietnam has never been higher" -- I found much doubt and disillusionment among returning

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Sketches by George Gordiner
Bay Guardian Company

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when I wound up
my shaver..."



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By our correspondent

So the Lark is to die. Few will mourn it. The dingy train, crawling south to Los Angeles every night, offered little but shining memories to sustain its average 73 passengers and those were dimmed by dirt, the uncomfortable seat, the tasteless food, the high prices and the 1,000 minor indignities.

And the slowness! Because it runs at night, the Lark's scheduled run is 1½ hours longer than that of the Coast Daylight, its daytime twin. This gives it convenient departure and arrival times and also cuts the speed, so the sleeping passengers won't be jostled.

Yet the Lark arrived on time in Los Angeles only 85 per cent of the time in recent years. (The northbound train did a little better -- 94 per cent.) With such an easy schedule, it takes genius to manage to be late that often.

Special Genius

This is the special genius of Southern Pacific. If you ask what killed the Lark, the answer must begin with SP's deliberate policy, over a period of years, of making life as unpleasant for its passengers as feasible.

It must end with a PUC that, as The Guardian has shown in previous articles, is now clearly dominated by the utilities. SP's policy is amply documented. The best report, from which the SP never really recovered, was a scathing two-part series by Maitland Zane in the Chronicle a year or so ago. He said: "It is operated by old men afraid for their jobs and ashamed of their work."

Contrary to what the sages say, how you die does make a difference. Some railroads pretend they love their passengers — Northern

The Lark--an early bird that was too often late

Was the
PUC right
in forsaking
the train?

Pacific, Western Pacific, Santa Fe, Burlington are examples -- and even provide good trains for them to ride. When such a train is abandoned, you may express your regret, but you tip your hat to the railroad for a good try. There is a kind of dignity to it.

Degrading Way Out

Not so the other way. To let a train go to seed, to sell a passenger a ticket and then stick a thumb in his eye, to foster decay until abandonment is inevitable -- all degrades the whole business and everyone connected with it -- passengers, employees, and regulatory agencies.

But the regulatory agency in this case -- the State Public Utilities Commission -- was in a pickle. This is the second reason for the death of the Lark.

In 1966, when the PUC last rescued the train, it said: "This Commission hereby places Southern Pacific on notice that it will not authorize the discontinuance of any passenger trains unless it has first clearly demonstrated that Southern Pacific has made a sincere effort to compete in the open market with all other modes of transportation."

Such competition was to include advertising, promotion and experiments with special services

and cut-rate fares.

In the recent PUC opinion allowing SP to abandon the train, the Commission said flatly that the railroad "made only a minimal response to this Commission's admonition to compete in the open market."

In a ringing dissent, Commissioner William Bennett put it more pungently: "The Southern Pacific has consistently ignored the needs of the traveling public of California. It has failed to advertise, it has down-graded service, it has ignored schedules, it has failed to experiment as have Eastern lines with the high speed trains."

Punitive Policy

Yet SP was permitted to go ahead. The reason is that the Commission's warning of 1966 was untenable as a form of utility regulation.

The Commission was, in effect, adopting a punitive policy towards SP. "If you don't comply," it was saying, "we will punish you by making you keep that money-losing train."

But this is not the way public utility regulation works. A privately owned utility has a right under the law to make a fair return on its investment; if an operation is losing money, it has a right to abandon it.

The Commission can require SP to give good service, but in this case it required too little, too late. It should have started patrolling the Lark in the early 1950s.

Even so, I wonder whether it can do any good. If a railroad really wants to give poor service, how can you force it not to? Better to have the government buy all the rolling stock and lease trackage rights from the railroad. A complicated

task, but by no means impossible.

Passenger transport is of three sorts -- commuting, long distance and leisure -- and the government must get into all of them.

The problems of Bay Area commuting are widely known and the possible solutions much-discussed. Government is in up to its neck.

Long-distance travel in the U.S. is still in the hands of private enterprise, except for the Northeast Corridor experiment. When such a rapid transit project was suggested for California, SP management shrugged it off: the coast line to Los Angeles has too many curves, is single-tracked, goes through no big population centers, and so on.

But clearly, any high-speed rail transport between San Francisco Los Angeles would use SP and Santa Fe lines down the Central Valley, and be fed by the population centers -- Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno, Bakersfield -- along the line and near it.

This would take enormous infusions of government money. But it's going to seem cheaper and cheaper as smog and congested airplane routes get steadily worse.

Under the final heading, leisure, I classify the great and splendid transcontinental trains. There is little speed, and not much economy, in a trip to Chicago on the California Zephyr, but it is a most civilized and satisfying American experience, delightful in a 100 ways. Unfortunately, civility isn't much appreciated these days.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has accurately called the Zephyr "a national asset." But it is once again studying the possibility of abandoning the train. And it may well reverse itself on the Zephyr, just as the California commission did on the Lark.

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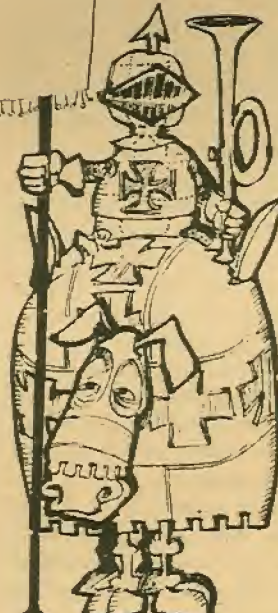
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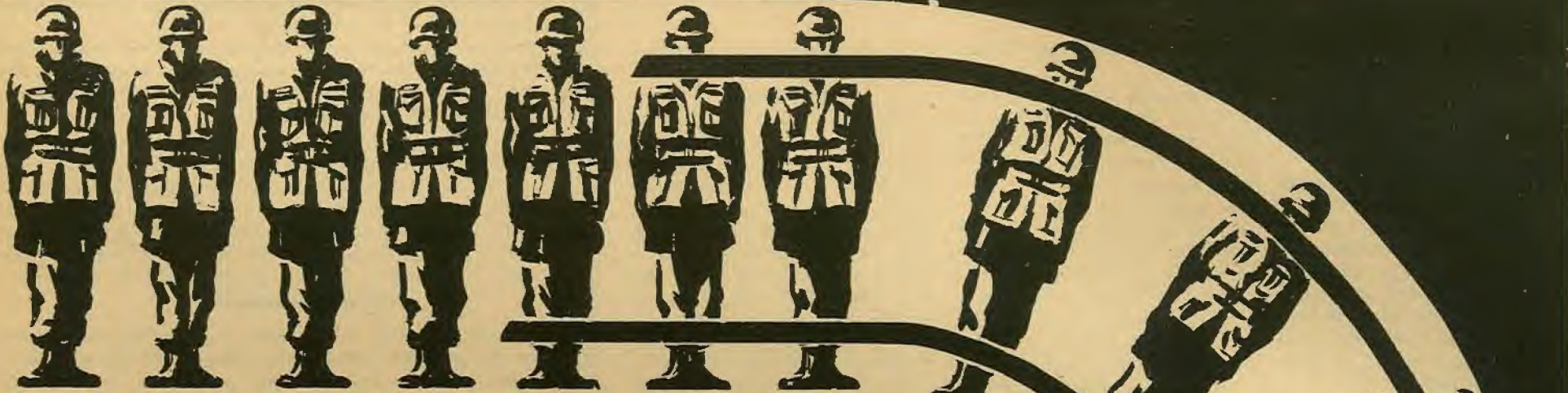
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THE BAY GUARDIAN

UNDERGROUND RAILWAY 1968



By Wilbur Wood
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Ten thousand people—that's a good crowd at the Cow Palace for a Warriors basketball game, a poor house at Kezar Stadium to fret out four quarters of the 49ers. It's about one-fifth the number of people who were killed last year on U.S. highways—but that statistic skyrockets year by year.

It's many short of the number of U.S. soldiers killed in Viet Nam.

It is also the estimated total of young men who have fled this country for Canada—via a kind of "underground railroad" reminiscent of Harriet Beecher Stowe and "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—because they don't want to be drafted, to fight in Viet Nam, perhaps to die for what they consider a useless, tragic war.

And more are going every day.

Even by thumb

The railroad is not a railroad, of course: it's cars, planes, buses -- even a hitch-hiking thumb. You can get across the border into Canada almost automatically, if you don't look too outlandish and you have some money.

And it's not really underground in the pre-Civil War sense. Not yet. But it may be if President Johnson's re-election withdrawal and his new "peace offensive" do not hold.

Finally, 10,000 is only an estimate. A lady who works for the Vancouver Committee to Aid American Draft Resisters quoted it over the telephone to the Guardian. She said there were about 1,000 draft evaders in Vancouver alone -- the only major Canadian city west of the Rockies.

California leads

Most of the 10,000, she said, were Californians.

She didn't want us to use her name, so maybe her figures should be taken with a dose of salt. But no one who's been around Bay Area college campuses and draft resistance headquarters -- as I was all last week -- thinks it's too high.

To the contrary, I'm surprised it isn't 20,000. And by June it could be.

June is when colleges spew out graduates. This year the privileged sons of the Great Society -- whose fathers don't hang around Watts or stoop in the fields of Delano -- this year, come September, they no longer have the cloister of graduate school. Gen. Hershey cut off the 2-S, the student deferment, for all post-graduate students but those in medicine.

Chewing up bodies

So a lot of young men may be drafted in June. For even if all bombing ceases, the war in the South will continue to chew up Americans. Most of them will go in, reluctantly. Some -- a small but vocal number -- will go in willingly and get themselves court-martialed for spreading anti-war propaganda. That means jail.

Some will refuse the call and go directly to jail.

Some will go to Canada. Before or just after their draft notices arrive.

On page 9, a young man writes (also anonymous) that he doesn't believe in countries. Borders, he says, are "lines on a map." But he will, he says, probably go to Canada, crossing a line on a map, if this country he does not believe in refuses to classify him as a conscientious objector.

* * *

One thing is sure: Canada won't send him back if he decides to go there. Fred M. Norman, officer in charge of immigration for the Western U.S., at the Canadian consulate in the city, enunciated his country's policy:

"We do not encourage persons from any nation to emigrate to Canada to avoid their military obligations to their governments. The matter of military obligation is solely between the individual and his government."

Which means Canada won't send you back -- as long as you aren't caught blowing some grass (yes, Canada is up tight about marijuana, too) or being publicly homosexual or engaging in activity subversive to "a democratic government" or breaking some "extraditable" U.S. law. (Selective Service laws aren't.)

But Canada would not wish in any case to let this particular young man go. As the editor's note before his testimony says, he has a B.A. degree and his Peace Corps experience makes him eminently employable.

Jobs and degrees

When I visited the Canadian consulate recently -- posing as a prospective immigrant -- it was apparent from my interview with a very polite and clean-cut official that Canada is looking mainly for two things in its newcomers: occupational skills and a high level of education. (Again, the sons of Watts and Delano may be out of luck.)

Canada, for one thing, needs teachers. And scientists and engineers. Many Canadians with B.A. degrees often are lured south to higher-paying jobs in the U.S.

This -- coupled with the resentment over the fact that U.S. "big money" controls well over half of Canada -- does not make our neighbor to the north a bastion of U.S. support.

But Canada does not seem to be rejecting the Ten Thousand, and it probably would not reject ten thousand more. An immensely helpful, and currently hard-to-find, informational booklet put out by the Toronto Anti-Draft Programme notes:

"By using all indicators available -- newspaper and magazine reports and editorials, and government policy -- a picture emerges of Canadians who are uncomfortable about American militarism and generally sympathetic to draft dodgers."

Canadians sympathize?

Draft dodger, the booklet notes, is not in Canada a derogatory

term, as it generally is here.

Well, there are Canadas and Canadas. It's a big country. Montreal may be a center of culture, but the western plains towns often seem right out of Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street": narrow, provincial, mistrustful of anyone who could go against the establishment; a "draft dodger" is automatically suspect, especially if he comes from another country, an outsider, and probably from a city, too.

And there are -- the Toronto booklet says -- a tenacious few border officials "who may count draft status against you."

So, if you go to Canada, or your son goes, or your boyfriend, I suggest you should tune into people and organizations who can give you the straightest advice: the best ways to get in; the job prospects; the procedures for applying for "landed immigrant" status which is a kind of residence and job permit and a probationary limbo of at least five years before the immigrant can become a citizen, and vote, and get a passport.

(How many of our 10,000 are "landed immigrants" can only be guessed. Maybe 1,000, one source told me; more than 4,000, another said.)

* * *

"I was reluctant to say anything about an underground railroad over the phone to you. But I will say this now: the underground is getting more and more cohesive. By summer I expect it to be established all up and down the coast, and maybe farther inland. Houses to stay in, money to loan--that sort of thing."

This was Hank Maiden, a stocky young man with a big brown mustache, leaning back in his chair behind a cluttered desk at the CCCO office. The CCCO, the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, has been in existence at various locations for two years. Its present office is at 437 Market St. a few doors down from a sign that says, oddly, Drafting Supplies. The other kind of drafting. Looking out Maiden's window across Market I saw another business establishment called Dante's Inferno. Hemmed in.

"Unfortunately," Maiden went on, "the advice that a young man gets if he goes through some underground sources might not be in his interest. I hear people talking about false papers--for ex-cons and so on. This is not doing the people involved--or the people in Canada --any service whatsoever."

Hard-headed advice

Maiden is field manager for this western region of the CCCO. He and his staff maintain noties, professionally, with any extra-legal "underground." They specialize in hard-headed advice to draft age men about their ever-narrowing options.

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This is humanity's 'most dangerous summer'

For the past year, people have been saying I have a very gloomy view of the future—of the U.S., of the human race, of the planet. On the contrary, I've always thought I was unduly optimistic.

I have assumed that the checks and balances of greed and violence in a world where man is wolf to man might possibly postpone the appearance of a nova where the solar system used to be until somewhere around the end of the century. Any hope beyond that seemed to me to be hebephrenic, psychotically optimistic.

It is perfectly obvious that, if you have almost 200 children of different colors speaking different languages and all hating one another crowded in one room and ruled over by five or six mutually antagonistic bullies, all subnormal, all with a 7,000 year history of inbred delinquency, rape, arson and murder, and you give them plenty of cans of gasoline and boxes of matches to play with, and tell them just to use the matches to build little log cabins and the gasoline to wash their dolls' dresses, the likelihood of their not burning down the house between A.D. 1945 and A.D. 2000 is as remote as the probability that those famous billion monkeys typing at random will produce the works of Shakespeare.

None may live

Since my last piece in The Guardian, I have taken a swing around the country, and visited New York, Boston, Newark, Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago. I now am inclined to think none of us may outlive the summer. Before I went, I really thought all this talk of race war abroad and genocide at home

was darkly colored by Panther propaganda.

It was going to be bad, but not as bad as they said. Now I think they are optimistic. They think they may live through it, some of them, anyway.

In all the major cities of America, all the programs to ameliorate, not solve, the racial crisis, have been cut down to the merest tokenism or totally abandoned. In fact, many programs where there are still reduced funds for at least token activity have been shut down.

Neither the white power structure nor the race crazy Poles of Milwaukee have given an inch. Rather, they have moved over to attack. Police forces of the major cities are armed to the teeth with the weapons of civil war, including chemical warfare, and not just relatively harmless concoctions

human relations and urban problems.

'Burn it down'

"Wall it off and let the dirty -----s burn it down around their own wooly heads while we cruise the streets and seize the rooftops and shoot and gas everything that moves!" This is the program, the national program, ordered from the White House. The barricades and roadblocks in San Francisco, in case you don't know, will go along Divisadero, Haight, California and probably Van Ness. Hunters Point will be totally isolated and there will be a special force to handle Hippyville where the first carefully planned maneuvers for Civil war have already been held. If you don't believe these dire prophecies, read the long article in the March Esquire, carefully written very deadpan as though it were pro-copper.

Incidentally, this article points out something I suspected immediately upon seeing the maps of the Detroit Riot. Many of the fires were set by police who tossed bodies in the houses and burned them down to cover up the evidence. Of course, this is just alleged, a journalist's circumlocution for "I am dead certain this is true."

Why genocide?

Why this fantastic preparation for genocide? Even if the wildest Panthers control the majority of Negro youth, which they sure as hell do not, this is an unbelievably disproportionate response. The Memphis riot, for instance, was comprehensively recorded by the media at its very inception and it was obvious that the simplest and quietest police work could have

— continued on page 5

Kenneth Rexroth

like Mace, but the real thing.

They have had practice maneuvers and they have strategic planning for barricading the ghettos and reducing them to the condition of Hue within 48 hours. Attached to the police forces of the big cities are specialists in civil war, C.I.A. and Green Berets, brought back from Southeast Asia and Africa to teach the town clown how to treat Black Americans and their white sympathizers like the Viet Cong.

This includes San Francisco where a notorious C.I.A. agent is now functioning as an expert on

MACE makes things worse

Overwhelmed by internal problems growing worse by the hour, San Francisco (as well as our other large cities) is turning tragically to policies of containment and repression. Do we really expect the police to cope with what the rest of the political-bureaucratic establishment has been unable to handle?

This, despite the ineffective record of San Francisco police against major crime (murder, rape, theft, burglary, robbery), which increased 36% in 1967. That's the biggest increase in the state.

Keeping in mind this does not include most alcohol and other drug offenses traffic and other common violations; remembering the President's Crime Commission report that less than half of major crimes are reported and only half of those result in arrests — well, we have a very bleak picture indeed.

Our society is producing criminality much faster than the system of "justice" (police, courts, prisons and public opinion) can deal with it. Those to whom we now turn in desperation, the police, have only high school educations, insufficient training or screening, low salaries and many prejudices.

Too often police produce disrespect for law and themselves by disrespectful handling of minorities (whether Negroes, hippies or youth) and by their questionable practices in attacking private drug use or sexual behavior.

Fear produces hatred

Out of desperation, impatience and fear, official force is turned thereby to escalating death and hatred. At a time when an attack on the roots of crime was des-

perately needed, Chief Cahill undermined the effectiveness of the Police Community Relations program, abetted the resignation of a dedicated and effective head of that unit, Lt. Dante Andreotti, and replaced him with the head of the canine corps!

In cooperation with the Health Department war was waged against the hippies, and educational rehabilitative efforts directed at drug use and sexual problems were blocked. Such improper deployment of limited police resources only increases greatly the success rate of burglars, rapists, etc.

As in other bureaucracies, the

Dr. Joel Fort

younger and more innovative officer has no access to the influence-control that rests with the senior, more rigid and outmoded Captains, unresponsive even to the Chief in many instances. Further complicating this dreary picture is the fragmentation of police agencies, local, state, federal, and city by city, with enormous waste, duplication, and inefficiency.

Reforms needed

In 1965, the Space-General Corporation studied the Prevention and Control of Crime and Delinquency for the State of California. Among their recommendations: establishing data collection and processing centers linked together on a metropolitan basis; identifying groups susceptible to crime and emphasizing programs of prevention; better manpower train-

ing, information and education programs in each community, and rehabilitation to reduce recidivism.

In 1967, the Task Force Report on the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice called for the appointment of citizen advisory commission in minority group areas, more minority officers; improved recruitment, screening, and training requiring a college degree and annual in-service courses; increased salaries and promotions; policies for exercising discretion in arrests; internal investigative units to detect corruption; limitations on the use of firearms; and development of area-wide communications, records, labs, and personnel.

Reforms ignored

Essentially, none of these long overdue and long studied reforms are being carried out in San Francisco.

With major crime increasing astronomically (most of it not occurring in the streets despite the LBJ's assertions) we must support police by reforming the departments: higher recruitment standards, better pay, intelligent use of technology in planning and logistics. There should be a complete merger of the staffs and facilities of the Sheriff's Department and the Police Department for greater efficiency and economy. The jail rehabilitation program instituted by the Center for Special Problems should be greatly expanded and strengthened.

Continued polarization, one-dimensional pseudo-solutions, Mace and even more sophisticated weaponry: these will only make things worse.

INSIDE

BRIEFS
FROM HERE
AND
THERE

Progress report: we learn from Dr. Donald Rohren, commander of the Navy Prosthetics Research Laboratory, Oak Knoll Naval Hospital in Oakland, that he and his staff now have responsibility for twice as many Vietnam amputees (Marine and Navy men) as they did two years ago when the heavy escalations were relatively new.

The war seems to have taken an uglier turn. As compared to 1966, the men are coming in with much worse wounds. Where amputation of one limb along with minor injuries used to be the norm, today the greater number of men have two or more limbs missing, plus serious eye and head wounds. In earlier days, when it was a smaller war, average recuperation time at the hospital was three or four months. Now it's five or six.

Nobody could have been happier that Rockefeller was running for the presidency than James Reston. Except that Rocky fooled Reston -- and most other observers -- by announcing that he had decided NOT to run.

The ticklish part of it was that Reston had already distributed it to all his subscribers, saying how terrific it is to have Rocky in the race. Specifically, Reston wrote:

"Something very exciting is happening in American politics . . . Men are coming forward for the Presidency, even when the odds are against them, and forcing debate under dramatic circumstances which compel the attention of the people . . . Kennedy, who had more to lose by being bold, finally came along, and Rockefeller had decided to join the battle . . . Nobody quite knows how all this has happened, but everybody knows that the electoral campaign is now quite different, and somehow much more honest and hopeful, than it was just a month ago."

But it never happened, after all: Rocky bowed out and all of a sudden things didn't seem quite so honest and hopeful as they had a couple of days before.

The local angle: Reston's column had already been printed ahead of time, for the Sunday Exonicle-Chraminer's March 24 Sunday Punch section. So's not to look any more foolish than usual, the SF Printco cartel decided to destroy that entire first edition of the Punch, re-plate, and get the story straight on Rocky. This does provide some dark satisfaction, when you consider how much it must have cost them.

THE KICKER. How bad are San Francisco's sweatshops? Does the International Ladies Garment Workers Union have a good case for organizing the lady seamstresses? Well, state law says no woman may work more than six days a week, for more than 8 hours a day -- 48 hours a week.

One lady recently told the State Industrial Welfare Commission she's worked 75 hours a week at 35 to 50 cents an hour for the past 20 years. She never gets a break, even for meals. If she gets up from her machine, the boss tells her she's lazy. For her testimony, the woman received a lecture from the commission chief, Reagan-appointed Virginia Allen, that she should have lodged her complaint with a commission investigator instead of taking up the time of the commission. Note: Sweatshop timecards show only 35 hours worked -- at \$1.50 an hour.

Sacramento's two top opponents, Gov. Ronald Reagan and Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, are so involved in national politics that Californians can count on little, if any, accomplishment in state government this year.

Reagan's persistent dreams of the presidency have perked up noticeably since Lyndon Johnson's decision not to run. Reagan perhaps could have hoped for the second position on the ballot behind Rockefeller, since withdrawn, but hardly a shot at top spot. With the GOP field now open to erstwhile Californian Richard Nixon, Reagan can hardly hope for second place on that ticket -- both are Californians, their unlikely merger would create a geographic imbalance.

But Reagan does have a shot at the presidential nomination now. A narrow one, maybe, but it gives him considerable power. And his every move is calculated for its national effect.

So is Jesse Unruh's. Big Daddy's stock has risen now as Bobby Kennedy's man in California. (Unruh played a big behind-the-scenes role in persuading Bobby to run.)

Reagan said publicly he was happy that Kennedy entered the race and further divided Democrats. But with Johnson out, Kennedy has the pole position. And Unruh has even more muscle than before.

What about California? Unruh will win rounds by seeing that the legislature blocks Reagan's attempts to cut welfare and Medi-Cal programs. Reagan counts on defeat for much of his legislative program, and the opening to jab at Unruh for opposing "the Creative Society." Part of the probable scorecard of futility:

•Tax reform: Reagan proposes to give more money to counties to administer social welfare. Unruh wants the state to take over. Neither side is expected to compromise. Deadlock.

•Reagan's program of welfare reform includes limiting aid to dependent children; even some Republicans find this abhorrent. Unruh's round.

•Improvements in state mental hygiene care: Reagan can blame Democrats for refusing to cut other budgets and apply that money to his increased program here. He carefully avoids mentioning specific costs.

•Increases in University of California and state college budgets: Reagan has left the door open for some increases -- if other programs are cut. (The governor talks of "doling" and "giving away" funds to public education, which hints at his attitude toward the schools.)

•Cuts in Medi-Cal: Most likely to succeed; both parties are working on it. Which is sad.

In fact, it's all pretty sad.

A 'good' school is not segregated, Mr. Mayor

By our correspondent

The issue, dear parents and friends, really is not busing. It isn't even retaining the outdated neighborhood school. These are smokescreens.

As always, the issue is integration—elimination of separate and unequal societies to the benefit of our children. The neighborhood school is nothing more than a citadel to preserve racial and class economic differences.

Like it or not, San Franciscans must choose — and soon. Do they want their young to grow up in the segregated worlds, white and black and yellow, with fear and hate proliferating on all sides?

Or will brains prevail over emotion, and decency over bigotry, and bring an integrated school system that perhaps, and this is a large perhaps, might start a new generation off on a more hopeful course.

With the politics of San Francisco education deteriorating rapidly, things do indeed look bleak.

No leadership

There still is no leadership. Yahoos of both colors are scoring all the points. The white bigots and the black bigots make all the noise while the silent middle remains quiet and ignored.

The Board of Education put \$205,000 into a study of racial balance, then chucked the whole business when the loudmouths took over. (At one public meeting on the study, a parent shouted to the moderator, "You just want to make hippies out of our kids." The mod-

erator replied quietly, "You're doing a better job than I ever could.")

Using busing as the agent of fear, the noisy and neurotic Mothers Support Neighborhood Schools (some of their best friends . . .) are pushing a patently unconstitutional charter amendment to outlaw what they call forced busing.

The mothers have allies. They've sold some of the Chinese community and there is enough

attend. Translated, this is usually a school with few if any Negroes.

But this concern for good schools could be focused elsewhere — on the quality of the program the school offers instead of on the composition of its student body — if educators adopted innovations that would make the school a place where every student could realize his own full potential.

Needed: A Commitment

What is needed, Mr. Mayor, is a commitment to integrated education, something neither you, your superintendent of schools, nor your board of education has yet expressed. And this commitment demands above all a transformation of the school toward individual learning.

Quit fretting, Mr. Mayor, about the people who may flee to the suburbs. Let 'em go so we can get on with the job. They may have to go quite a ways to find an all-white ghetto. Berkeley, San Mateo and Sausalito are now operating fully integrated school systems.

Berkeley will bus several thousand youngsters next fall to break down racial barriers in its elementary schools. Kids living several doors away from one school may ride a bus to another.

Certainly, there will be problems. But it is the parents who most likely will do the suffering. Even so, you will not see any mass exodus.

Berkeley revamped its entire elementary educational system to aim for that individual learning concept.

More important, Mr. Mayor, these integrated kids may grow up looking at each other in a different light than did our generation.

San Francisco schools can be linked up integrated schools at the elementary level. Junior and senior highs could be turned into specialty schools, science, the arts, commercial, etc.

We can't afford

To those who say we can't afford

'DANGEROUS SUMMER'

—continued from page 4

stopped it before it began.

Instead, the police assaulted with maximum violence the bystanders and Martin Luther King's non-violent marchers, and most of the rowdy kids who had been throwing things escaped.

This is the most dangerous summer in the history of humanity.

An epilog

I did this piece on the weekend Johnson announced he was not running, before I heard the news. Does it make any difference? No.

What it really means is that like all lame ducks he is not answerable to the electorate. It remains to be seen if we haven't been thrown from the napalm frying pan into the nuclear fire.

Certainly one half of a bombing pause is no bombing pause at all and Johnson now has a free hand from now until the inauguration. It is significant that in the main body of his talk the only real answer he had to the growing civil war in America was scarcely veiled threats.

The world will only be safe if this man resigns from office and is replaced by an unqualifiedly anti-war president. Personally, I will only feel safe when Dean Rusk, Walt Rostow and Lyndon Baines Johnson are lying side by side in straight jackets in a back ward.

I would like to point out that at the present moment none of the contestants for the nomination by either party has simply said he will stop the war.

to integrate, the old cliché is the answer: "We can't afford not to."

The Chinese argument about not being able to have Chinese language classes is specious. These classes might have to start a few minutes later. That would be the only inconvenience.

The argument doesn't hold that non-English speaking people would be placed out of their element. Few if any administrators now speak Chinese or Spanish and the kids do the translating for them.

A 21-page position paper circulating throughout the city suggests a busing plan would cost about \$380,000 a year, 50 cents a person a year. This is a small price to pay for the freedom of an integrated city.

The author of this well-considered paper suggests integration could once and for all lead to elimination of the quality in schools. The mothers don't want to send their kids to inferior schools in other neighborhoods

while the NAACP hollers to no avail, damn it, do something to make them better.

Improvements would certainly come when the parents with power and money started to complain.

The writer keeps asking throughout her dissertation what kind of city do we want. She is afraid to use her name, fearing trouble from ultra militants on both sides. That tells you a bit about what kind of city we now have.

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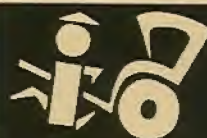
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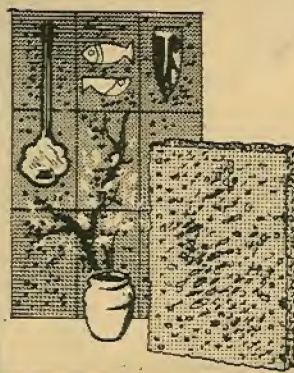
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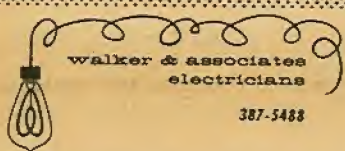


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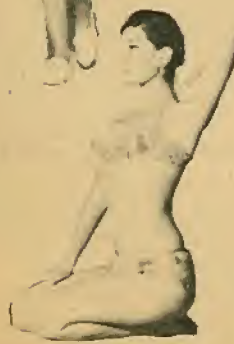
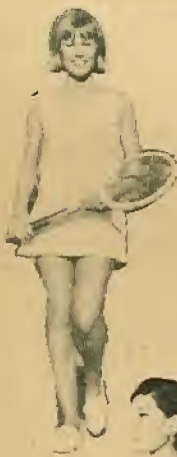
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Underground railroad 1968

—continued from page 3

When a young man comes on strong about Canada -- and about seven or eight a day do, says Maiden -- the CCCO staff refers him to the Toronto booklet, which is called "A Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada." It sells for a dollar, but the CCCO office currently has none on hand.



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Mary Swenson, CCCO secretary, says the office ordered 100, but they haven't arrived yet. Apparently the Toronto group did not expect such a crush of orders. Simon Green, who works for the Campus Draft Opposition at U.C.-Berkeley, said his group was also awaiting a large shipment; "there's certainly been a demand for them," he said.

Few igloos

The manual is written in sprightly and sometimes humorous style. A section on housing begins: "Most Canadians do not live in caves or igloos." A chapter on living conditions and costs begins with this parenthetical aside: "(This chapter is really for mothers.)"

There is a list of necessary identification documents, information about the required medical exam, and an extensive discussion of the five ways of applying for landed immigrant status:

- At the border (haircut and tie; the quickest best way in because if your application is rejected you'll probably be given a chance to withdraw it and try again later).

- From within (you are "safely inside" Canada and can deal in person with immigration people).

Mail may take too long

- By mail from the U.S. (which means there is no face-to-face interview, an advantage or a disadvantage however you look at it; this takes a long time, two to six months for eastern Canada, may-

be as little as six weeks for Vancouver, but some people don't have even six weeks).

- At a Canadian consulate (where you may be prey to "Americanized" officials, the manual warns; but at my visit to the consulate here the officials seemed almost pained to be objective in their "ratings" -- there is a point system of "assessment units" based on education, skills and so on, but not draft status; when I asked the man who interviewed me how many prospective immigrants who came through this office were of draft age, he frankly and without hesitation said 25%, then hastened on to another subject).

- By nomination (which is a virtual "in"; you are "sponsored" by a relative or friend who is a Canadian citizen).

The Toronto manual is not the only book in heavy demand. At S. F. State, a Grove Press paperback called "How to Stay Out of the Army, A Guide to Your Rights Under the Draft Law," sells briskly.

It's 130 pages long and costs \$1.25. A lawyer named Conrad J. Lynn put it together. Perhaps Lynn was in a bit of a hurry, for Maiden handed me a five-page "errata sheet" on the book, written by Kerry Berland of the Chicago Area Draft Resisters.

"Many of these kind of books," Maiden said, "have a tendency to play down the consequences of resistance activities, the long-range societal effects. . . jobs, clearance, the risk of going to prison. . . the disintegration of one's personality when one undergoes certain risks."

"I'm not saying Lynn's book does that, but sometimes it comes close."

Cautious approach

Maiden's whole approach was cautious. "Sometimes," he said, "there's a great amount of hysteria involved in the process of going underground. It's often better to proceed above ground, for one thing. There are still a lot of legal outs."

"And the romance of the underground thing is unwarranted and probably unhelpful."

When a young man really wants to know more than the Toronto booklet can tell him, Maiden generally refers him to the Students for a Democratic Society.

SDS maintains active chapters at Cal and S.F. State. On both campuses, this New Left-oriented organization has "Anti-Draft Unions" that have been holding forums on Canada and other forms of draft evasion in recent weeks.

Steve Gompertz is a draft counsellor with the Berkeley Anti-Draft Union, one of four at present. But many law students, Gompertz says, will become counsellors in June when their studies are finished.

Gompertz speaks of the increased interest in going to Canada: at a forum on emigration last February -- just after grad student deferments were curtailed -- there were 500 students.

Simon Green, who headed the forum, verified that there were at least 350. And, Green said, the publicity for this was at best sketchy. Green is planning another forum on Canada later this month. (You can call him at 843-2706 to find out the exact date, which hasn't been set yet.)

At this forum, questions were serious and showed that those attending had done some homework on Canada. But, after all, leaving one's country is a serious matter. "A lot of people are post-

—continued on page 10

What

By John Burks

I wrote the rest of this column before LBJ surprised us all with his announcement that he would not run again. Deadline is upon us, or I would try and construct something by way of an epitaph for a lame president. This will have to do. . . .

We had friends over to watch TV on Sunday, not a Johnson fan among them. We ate fish and chips, drank wine and made nasty cracks about the pinch-eyed man from Texas and his new escalating - deescalating scheme, right up until he told us he would not campaign for the presidency nor would he accept a draft.

We let out a spontaneous whoop. Great news! But by the time Johnson had stopped talking, two of the girls had tears in their eyes and the majority of our small gathering - four out of seven not including me - felt sorry for troubled old Lyndon.

Next morning Johnson was on the radio again, this time speaking before a broadcasters convention in Chicago, drawing out all those things he's always said: the American people desperately desire peace, we're making our move, its time for Ho to take a step towards peace, too. I still vigorously disagree with Johnson's methods - how, after all, do you diminish the intensity of a war by stepping it up? But a strange thing had happened over night. For the first time since early 1965, I was able to believe the president of the U.S.

I might think he's following a dangerous, foolish course - wasting billions abroad on a futile war while American cities rot and fester - but for once I felt LBJ was being honest with us. One has to respect him for deciding not to run again - for placing the good of the nation, as he sees it, ahead of his own ambitions.

There's a measure of nobility in it and somehow you have the feeling that it could only happen here.

I went over to Richmond to cover the Peace & Freedom convention a couple of weeks ago, expecting, somehow, that a good deal more would happen than did. I came home feeling that there's considerably less to P&F than meets the eye.

In its formative days last fall, P&F seemed to be a free and open forum for all peace-and-freedom-minded people. a coalition of the disenfranchised, an alternative to the wheeling and dealing and power-breaking of the Johnsons and the Nixons.

But it is hard to imagine more power-brokering and arm-twisting than went on in P&F's uptight psychodrama in Richmond. In effect, the black and brown contingents put gun to the heads of P&F's honky majority: play it our way, Whitey, or we split. Horrified at the prospect of an all-white radical party, the Caucasians had no alternative but to accept the whole Black Panther program, plus the whole Chicano Mexican-American program -- and if there had been Eskimos or Indians or gypsies there, P&F would have accommodated their wishes too.

I found P&F's authoritarian streak was oppressive and depressing. A reasonably typical exchange during one of the workshops: "Look, man, I'm not opposed to democracy. I just happen to think principle is more important." "But isn't Peace & Freedom a democratic movement?" "It should be, you know, unless the majority wants to pull some kind of h----." "Huey -- either you're for democracy or you ought to get out of Peace & Freedom." "Well -- if you're gonna try to say who belongs in this party and who doesn't, man, like you shouldn't be in Peace & Freedom in the first place."

When the convention was all over, very little stuck to the ribs. There had been dozens of position papers issued by various of the caucuses and delegations and candidates, representing all the currently fashionable stances, nearly all of them -- excluding Eldridge Cleaver's singularly powerful and movingly black-drenched pros -- barren of either original thought or programmatic innovation. A strident little bantam named Paul Jacobs (the labor organizer turned writer) -- a person somewhat less attractive than your family grocer, and likely to get as many votes -- had been chosen as Peace & Freedom's candidate for the US Senate. Among P&F's platform items, the most intriguing was a call for a United Nations plebiscite to determine whether the black people of the U.S. would prefer to remain citizens of this country, or whether they would like to start their own nation.

But the question is: What has P&F done for its constituents? It is a hard fact that you get votes because the people dig what you've already done for them and what you promise you're going to do.

What is P&F going to do for the people? What are its concrete programs? What is P&F, anyway? Is it a forum? If so, why doesn't it just let everybody stand up and say his thing? Why doesn't it just shuck the whole "political" apparatus? Or does P&F really intend to get its candidates elected? If it does, why has P&F chosen such an incredibly BORING set of talkers to represent it? Or is P&F a form of theater -- as many have suggested --? If it's theater, why so few performances?

Politics, a friend of mine suggests, is a hummer, anyway. That's why he registered P&F. Now he's talking about unregistering.

Every time there's another newsbreak about those 6,000 sheep that were killed by Army nerve gas over in Utah, that old line flashes into my head: "Are we a nation of sheep?" Perhaps more to the point: Are the Vietnamese?

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—continued from page 1
sons, said they were willing to go. Precisely:

12 per cent	attitude undetermined
9 per cent	would go to jail to avoid induction
2 per cent	willing to join army
9 per cent	would go to Canada
18 per cent	won't join military, but have no specific plans
41 per cent	undecided on use of legal or illegal means to avoid draft
9 per cent	don't want to go, but would use only legal means

Similar sentiments and percentages we found on other Bay Area college campuses, although it was almost impossible to get exact figures. To date at Berkeley, reports the UC Campus Draft Opposition (CDO), 390 youths have signed "We Won't Go" pledges and more than 450, including 100 Berkeley faculty members, have signed support pledges.

Spring Floods

CDO's Berkeley activities will peak at a Vietnam protest commencement scheduled for May 17 in the Greek Theater, with no less an authority than Robert M. Hutchins, former Chicago University president, giving the "commencement address."

Did you know about the Vietnam commencement? About Hutchins' address? About the depth of dissent we're talking about here? About a panel of 100 attorneys, the first of its kind in the country, who are making the most significant challenge ever to the Selective Service Law in federal court in San Francisco? (See the Draft in Court, p. 16.)

The daily press, we found in an examination of Bay Area newspapers, doesn't say much about local dissent. (See editorial, p. 8.)

However, we also found that not even defectors themselves, or their counsellors or attorneys working closely with them, realize the growth, depth and pervasiveness of disaffection among draft age youth.

To our knowledge, this is the

Thousands of Bay Area young men risk jail to avoid the draft

first attempt, by the news media or anybody else, to compile systematically the statistics of hard-core draft and war dissent in the Bay Area.

These statistics and points help define the dimensions of dissent: **CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS:** Until Vietnam, conscientious objection to war on religious grounds was never fashionable in the U.S. During World II, the small number of conscientious objectors (even those figures, 25 years later, are hard to come by) were jailed or served as non-combatants.

Today, conscientious objector status is eagerly sought as an escape hatch or moral sanctuary—depending on your point of view.

As of this February, 1,458 young men in California had been granted CO status, as compared to 1,107 COs in July, 1966, and 690 in July, 1964, according to the State Selective Service Office in Sacramento. Many of these are from the Bay Area, but the office refused to break down the figures.

Col. Walter H. Henderson, deputy state selective service director, told us the increase in COs from 1964 to 1968 was proportionate to the increase in draft calls.

This may be true in terms of the number of COs approved, but the number of requests has mounted enormously, according to attorneys handling draft cases and draft counsellors. Henderson refused to divulge CO request totals or comment on how they compared to the number granted by local boards.

(As with all statistics of dissent, it is extremely difficult to get precise figures, breakdowns and comparison figures. In this case, for example, we asked Henderson for all CO and draft delinquency figures for the past several years—public figures which should be readily available.

(To get what skimpy figures we did took several hours of phone calls, on four different days, to the State Selective Service Office in Sacramento.

"Nobody's asked for them before, and we don't have the staff to go back through our records," said Col. Henderson, affably but firmly.)

DRAFT DELINQUENCIES: This official selective service category includes those who burn their

draft cards, give false information, fail to comply or just disappear. These are recent California quarterly totals, as released for the first time for publication by the State Selective Service office:

2,857 quarter ending
Sept. 30, 1966
3,011 quarter ending
Sept. 30, 1967
3,719 quarter ending
Dec. 31, 1967

These figures increased from delinquencies of 2,683 for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1964. Again State Selective Service refused to provide a Bay Area breakdown from these state totals and a quarter by quarter record going back several years.

REQUESTS FOR CO INFORMATION: "It's grown so fast there are no reliable statistics," said Ben Seaver, a longtime draft counsellor with the American Friends Committee, a Quaker group. He began counselling years ago, as a side job, and saw an average of 20 or so young men a month. This rose to 20 a week three years ago.

He became so busy he had to train another counsellor. By this time, however, 20 or so a day were coming in and they both had to work fulltime. Then the West Coast office of the Conscientious Objectors (the other office is in Philadelphia) opened up two years ago and promptly began counselling 20 men a week. This rose to 12 to 15 a day a year ago and then, after the Tet offensive in Vietnam, to 45 to 50 a day or about 1,300 a month, reported CO's Hank Maiden.

The donor-supported group has an annual budget of \$50,000, almost exhausted, five paid counsellors and three volunteer workers.

INDUCTION REFUSALS: "The silence of the press," states the current newsletter of the Committee for Draft Resistance, "shouldn't deceive us into thinking that no one is refusing induction or trying to leave the military." For example, Peter Dodd of the American Friends

Service Committee quietly refused induction and surprised many of his friends, the newsletter pointed out.

The day Dodd refused induction at the Oakland Induction Center, it noted, five others refused induction and 30 young men refused induction the week of Feb. 12-16. It started when Blind Timmy made known his refusal that Tuesday. Oakland Induction Center officials refused to discuss with the Guardian persistent reports that from 10 to 20 young men each week refuse induction.

Paul Sloane, who handles prosecutions in the federal attorney's office in San Francisco, said he is now working on 107 draft cases. Ten to twenty cases are reported each week, of which from three to five are prosecuted after investigation, he said. Nationally, the FBI is investigating 11,000 draft cases, he said. Draft convictions now carry a two year sentence with no fine, he said.

So huge, complex and demanding is this case load that a special panel of 100 attorneys was formed to do nothing but represent draft cases before the federal court.

AWOLS: A year and a half ago, a 23-year-old PFC from Iowa reported in 33 days late to the Oakland Army base for shipment to Vietnam. He had spent the time checking with attorneys and members of the Draft Resistance. He decided he had waited too long to evade Vietnam duty and finally reported in.

To his surprise, he found he was given only a minor fine for being deliberately AWOL. There were just too many Vietnam-bound soldiers AWOL for the Army to make much of a fuss, he wrote The Guardian.

Statistics again are impossible to come by, but it is clear that the number of AWOLS is now enormous and that it is increasing. Obviously, many have nothing to do with Vietnam.

Aubrey Grossman, who heads the 100-attorney defense panel, says flatly: "There are at least several hundred

persons in the Bay Area at any given time who are AWOL on the basis of principle." Says an Oakland attorney who handles many draft cases, Ed Grogan: "The new phenomenon is the ever increasing number of AWOLS."

AWOLS are gone between 30 and 60 days, Grossman said. "Guys with six month sentences are released (in one known case, for example) in 17 days or so because the brig is so crowded." Several service authorities refused to discuss AWOLS with us.

Karl Shapiro of San Anselmo, an attorney on the federal panel, points out that men in the service are now retaining attorneys to help them secure CO or non-combatant status.

"In the last two weeks," he said, "I have talked to two young men, regular Army guys, who were promised that they would not be shipped to Vietnam, but have been shipped. There's a case pending in federal court over an agreement with a recruiting officer."

CANADIAN EMIGRATION: The Vancouver Committee to Aid American Draft Resisters told us that there are now some 1,000 draft resisters in Vancouver and some 10,000 in Canada. About half have "landed immigrant status" (a five year probationary period before they become citizens.)

In San Francisco, draft counsellors find, since the Tet offensive, that requests have doubled for information on Canadian emigration. Maiden calls it "a fantastic increase," predicting another 20,000 draft defectors will emigrate this summer to Canada.

He figures this way: some 232,000 draft eligible young men will graduate this spring. About 10 per cent, for one reason or another, will go to Canada. Another 20,000 will join the draft resistance, but seven of 10 will fold under pressure and join the army.

TRANSFERS TO CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES: "There has been a great increase in requests for admission from students in the U.S.," Kenneth G. Young, assistant registrar of the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, told us by telephone. He didn't have a precise figure because the school doesn't keep application counts per country.

William Kent, executive secretary to the registrar, University of Toronto, Ontario, was more conservative. "I would suspect, from my general conversations with other registrars, that there may be a slight increase."

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McCarthy for president

Suddenly, there is more than hope. Last November Sen. Eugene McCarthy's heroic attempt to win the Democratic nomination looked as futile and idealistic as the tilting of Don Quixote.

After New Hampshire, McCarthy began to look more like Sir Galahad than Quixote, and now, after Wisconsin and President Johnson's surprise withdrawal, McCarthy is in reach of becoming king.

There is, of course, that other man: Robert Kennedy. The never convincing Kennedy/McCarthy "understanding" no longer holds and Democrats in California must choose. The choice is important.

We welcomed Kennedy into the race as the one man in American politics who could do what no other could: bring enormous political and psychological muscle to bear instantaneously upon John-

son and his suicidal march to the abyss and invest the anti-Johnson movement with immediate political stature. This he did.

The personal strains between the two candidates, the rancor many McCarthy supporters felt toward Kennedy for trying to grab the marbles after McCarthy took the risks, was secondary to the critical goal: cutting the maximum number of convention delegates away from Johnson and assembling enough to block his nomination on the first ballot.

Sen. McCarthy, as is his way, promptly said that, since his and Kennedy's position "are the same on most issues," he would "have to support" Kennedy if it became clear at the convention that McCarthy couldn't get the nomination. That put first things first—not the personal fortunes of McCarthy, but the necessity to beat

Johnson and change our disastrous course of events.

As is his way, Kennedy didn't reciprocate and, in the timing and the handling of his announcement, in his brusque public and private dealings with McCarthy, strengthened the evidence for the long standing charge against him of "ruthlessness." He did little to demonstrate that he really considers his personal fortunes secondary to the cause of peace and reconstruction.

Throughout his gallant campaign, McCarthy has put first things first. His judgments have been composed, candid and discriminating. Every move and speech carried his personal integrity, as an intellectual, as a man and as a Stevenson politician. His wit and intelligence have been up to almost every exigency, including Kennedy's coming (a fine, fine hour) and Johnson's going.

An unabashed intellectual and scholar, he obviously is at home with ideas and with men with ideas.

This compound of politics and personality was just what was needed in his difficult mission: not just to prove Johnson's unpopularity, as politically important as this was, but to talk sense to the American people in the best Stevensonian tradition and to renew their faith in such simple things as courage, intelligence, integrity and the democratic process.

Caught between the warring factions of right and left, liable to

nasty charges challenging his national patriotism and his party loyalty, it was one of the trickiest political assignments in history.

It was McCarthy's job to do and he has been doing it well.

At his Monday news conference, McCarthy made clear that war in Vietnam was only part of a larger problem of our military dominated foreign policy and our trigger itchy responses to foreign crises.

He cited our Cuba policy of the past eight years as an example of our conditioned military reflexes and warned that peace in Vietnam wouldn't keep us out of further conflicts unless we drastically altered the belligerent tenor and thrust of our foreign policy.

This The Guardian believes is an accurate assessment of our terrible predicament. We see little indication in Kennedy's remarks that he sees things this way or that he would significantly challenge this military orientation and its origins in the military-industrial complex former President Eisenhower warned us about.

To date, his campaign has bristled with slogans and with little more than studied echoes of his

brother's call to "get this country moving again."

Kennedy, let us not forget, was there during the makings of Vietnam as attorney general under his brother and under Johnson, and as senator from New York. He didn't say much critical of Vietnam until recently. He didn't try to lead and he didn't put his enormous influence behind the peace movement until recently.

Instead, he waited, as is Johnson's disturbing habit, until public opinion manifested itself and the political routes were bedded with cobblestones rather than boulders.

McCarthy's cool insistence upon doing what he believes to be right, at times when there seems little popular support, is not only a refreshing political phenomenon, but it is an indispensable quality for the man who must stop the war, build the peace and right our society. Waging the peace ahead will be much more awesome and dangerous than any war we've ever waged. McCarthy is most qualified to do it.

We strongly urge the people of California to vote for Sen. Eugene McCarthy in the state's Democratic primary.

To the editor . . . to the editor . . . to the editor . . . to the editor

TO THE EDITOR:

Yesterday I wrote you a poison pen note in which I put the heavy knock on Kenneth Rexroth. Today, I'm sorry I called him a mediocre poet. I'll retract that.

But I've been thinking more about his knowledge of America's concentration camps. To quote him again: "The sheets are on the beds, the electricity is on, the kitchens are stocked."

Clean sheets on already made up beds doesn't sound like a concentration camp to me. In the army,

nobody makes the beds for the men. The soldiers make 'em up themselves. In this camp that Rexroth knows about, are the beds already made up and turned down for the prisoners? Like in a hotel?

Electricity turned on and stocked kitchens doesn't sound sinister to me, either.

But then I've never seen one of these concentration camps in America that he claims are "all over."

What hath Rex wrought?

ART CARLBOM
FAIRFAX, CALIF.

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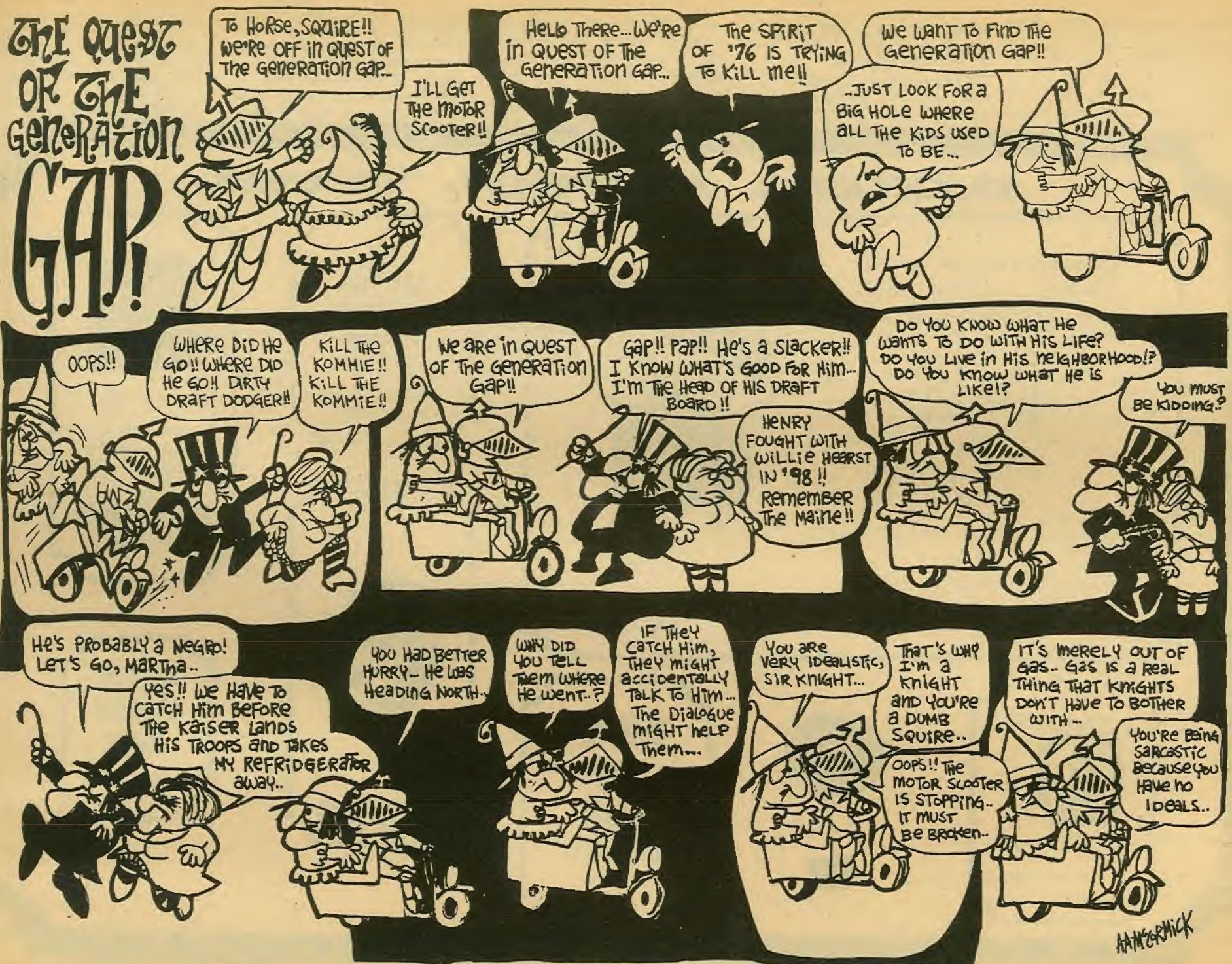
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THE QUEST OF THE GENERATION GAP!





Confessions of a Draft Resister



1968 — George Gardiner

The 24-year-old author, who for obvious retaliatory reasons cannot be identified, studied for four years on a General Motors scholarship at a Bay Area college. He spent a summer in Mississippi as a Civil Rights organizer before joining the Peace Corps. He is now a research assistant for an anthropology professor, assisting in the writing and editing of a social science book. Beginning next fall, he will write his Ph.D. in anthropology on a five-year Ford Foundation grant.

I still recall vividly the day John Kennedy was gunned down in Dallas. I wrote a song that evening to ease the pain: "The earth should freeze today." I felt my brother had caught that bullet; it struck so close to home.

A year later, I was training for Peace Corps service in Africa, two years bright and alive, working for people, with people, learning about people.

However, the atmosphere was changing in America and the quickening gloom touched us around the world in Africa.

As our service neared completion, we gathered in small groups. We talked about the draft. No other topic could compete. We were fascinated by it as by a poisonous snake.

This snake had been there in America before we left but had been easily overlooked. Now, however, it was coiling huge about our entire generation.

Some of my Peace Corps friends are now in the service, perhaps in Viet Nam burning what we had hoped to build. A few have been indicted for refusing the draft call and face five years in prison.

Another recently deserted the army after being called home from Peru by his local board and has sought asylum in Europe. These young people were the pride and hope of America.

Pride and hope have vanished and the alternatives now are most bleak.

I'm 24, healthy, male, sane. The army would love to have me join but I won't go. I won't go no matter what.

I decided that six years ago when I grew to understand that life was all I had and that I was a human being like everyone else and bound to live and die like the rest.

At first I was afraid of dying but gradually the realization that I was not alone overcame that fear. I decided then that war was but a primitive exercise in human sacrifice on the altar of words like freedom, democracy, communism.

The words change but the sacrifices continue. War had no place in my life. I would not take part in the madness.

Am I a coward? I don't think so. I went into Mississippi one summer when murder was a very real possibility.

Do I selfishly refuse to serve my country? Well, I was in the Peace Corps, but that's begging the question. For I do not believe in countries. They are just lines on somebody's map. But I'm quite willing to give people a hand.

Don't you have to fight for freedom? Sure, I'll fight for freedom, but I won't kill for freedom. There is a difference.

There are many in America who feel as I do. In better times we might have contributed according to our talents toward making life more meaningful.

But today I have but four alternatives:

1) I could evade the draft: keep my feelings to myself, lie about having homosexual tendencies, cut off my arm or something to get that 4-F - unfit-for-service-classification.

But that course disgusts me. I'm not unfit. In fact I feel healthier in mind and body than any general in the army.

2) I could apply for classification as a conscientious objector: That's what I did, in fact, six years ago. My local draft board decided that, since I was not a member of any weird anti-war religious group, they couldn't let me off that easy.

So I've appealed to the State Selective Service Appeals board, been investigated by the FBI, and

am waiting for a chance to explain myself to the Justice Department.

I'm luckier than many. Getting a CO classification is no simple matter. It requires years of study and effort and sometimes legal expenses. I've been working at it for six years and have a fair chance for success.

But if they decide that I'm not really sincere or don't believe in God enough, where do I turn?

3) Canada: I can emigrate to Canada and renounce my citizenship. But the U.S. government says once registered for the draft (at age 18) always registered for the draft until death do us part.

I would be a Canadian citizen eventually but a fugitive from the law until sanity returns. Should I wish to visit my family or my wife's family some Christmas holiday I would find the FBI at my door.

But I was born in this country and it is my home. The familiar hills mean a lot to me and it's not just my roots that are torn up but my wife's as well.

All these things considered, however, emigration to preferable to prison.

4) Prison: If I refuse induction, as many are doing now, I face a five year sentence. The average sentence in recent months has been nearly three years. But even three years seems like a long time to

me -- one eighth of my entire life to date.

I spent three weeks in jail last Christmas as a result of standing in the street near the Oakland Induction Center, and it wasn't so bad.

In jail you get three meals a day and can usually find some books to read and have plenty of time to think. I wouldn't mind it so much but the pain is not mine alone but my wife's as well.

Wasted and lonely years are a poor alternative.

Some nights I say to myself, do I have to be so morbid? Isn't it a bit far-fetched for anyone really to want to lock me up in jail?

But I listen in the still night for the tread of police on my stair, coming for me. Is it just a bad dream?

I picked up the paper one morning last week. On page one the headline read, "Senator Says President May Ask For a Declaration of War Soon." Momentarily, the force of that possibility sank in.

If war is declared against our imaginary enemy across the sea, that slant-eyed oriental menace Secretary Rusk dreams about, I would be a traitor and my life and liberty could be brushed aside at the mere whim of Lyndon B. Johnson.

And so could yours, friend.

The strange case of PFC Guinn

By Nathan B. Blumberg

The strange case of PFC Guinn exemplifies in microcosm one of the most significantly misreported stories of our time: the growth and depth of disaffection with the war in Vietnam.

Millions of television viewers one night heard Walter Cronkite utter the following words:

"Mrs. Blanche Guinn of Elizabeth, Tennessee, served Thanksgiving dinner today, one day late, and the honored guest was her son, Private First Class John Guinn."

Earlier this week, Mrs. Guinn attended funeral services for the son, only to learn later that the Army had made a mistake, and that her son was being flown home from Vietnam to see her. Ed Rable was at the airport when he arrived.

Mrs. Guinn fainted as she held her son in her arms. Then the "CBS Evening News" of Nov. 24, 1967, continued:

RABEL: Shortly thereafter she recovered and was all right. Private Guinn, meanwhile, held an impromptu news conference at which he expressed surprising bitterness with the entire Vietnam war.

RABEL: Would you go back to Vietnam if you had to?

GUINN: Well, if I was — when my three years is up, I'm coming out of service, I ain't going to re-enlist, and I hope they bring all of the United States boys out.

RABEL: Why do you feel that way, sir?

GUINN: 'Cause it's not no war over there — it's just a tragedy.

RABEL: You don't think we ought to be there?

GUINN: No, sir.

RABEL: Guinn, who must serve 18 more months in the Army before his discharge, said his opposition to the war was shared by most of the men with whom

he served.

Peter Jennings, in his ABC national newscast the same evening, showed a similar sequence and added Pfc. Guinn's actual reply when asked if many of his fellow soldiers "feel the same way you do":

"I guess all of them does."

The Huntley-Brinkley Report on NBC did not carry the observations of Pfc. Guinn in its on-the-scene report of the homecoming. Chet Huntley, when asked by this writer about the omission, said the comments were news to him and that apparently the film crew simply did not record this segment.

It is probably news to everyone else who didn't see one of the two national television newscasts or a sentence in Time magazine's report of the return of Pfc. Guinn: "Johnny later said bitterly: 'I don't feel we have any business being over there, and most of the fellows in my outfit feel the same way.'"

The Associated Press limited its reporting of Pfc. Guinn's unhappiness to a terse "No, sir," as a reply to a question about whether he wanted to return to Viet Nam. The United Press International told its clients and their readers that Pfc. Guinn was home, then followed with a story emphasizing the soldier's view that his outfit was poorly prepared for combat in Viet Nam.

This story appeared in one newspaper — the Los Angeles Times, page 4 of Section B — of the 40 daily newspapers examined by this writer.

The case of Pfc. Guinn is es-

This press critique is excerpted from an article by Nathan Blumberg, dean of the Montana University School of Journalism, in the April edition of the Montana Journalism Review. Blumberg examined several specific stories — the Washington Peace March, the three Viet Nam referendums in San Francisco, Dearborn and Cambridge, to indict the news media for failing to report accurately "the high degree of discontent with American policies in Viet Nam."

The Guardian is reprinting Blumberg's piece, the first of its kind ever published, to give to new Guardian subscribers.

pecially illuminating because, if it had not been for two television newscasts, the incident of the mistaken burial would have passed as nothing more than a curious eddy in the tides of war. As it turned out, it served as an unexpected leak in the military's smooth channeling of information.

Pfc. Guinn uniquely has little to fear from the military; after the monstrous mixup, he will receive kid-glove treatment no matter what he may believe and say. No effort has been spared by the massive military-political machine to chant the litany that whatever dissenters may be saying and doing in the United States, the men in Viet Nam have no doubts about why they are fighting the war.

The finishing touch to the Pfc. Guinn story was supplied by the Louisville Courier-Journal on Saturday, Nov. 25, 1967. Although it utilized resources identified as

"From AP and Special Dispatches," that newspaper could not find space even for one of Pfc. Guinn's attitudes in a 605-word, 20-paragraph article.

The story ended precisely before this point in the AP dispatch: "Asked if he would return to Vietnam during the rest of his year and a half stay in the Army, Guinn replied, 'No, sir!'"

Yet, on the same day that the Courier-Journal didn't tell what Pfc. Guinn thought of the war or what was the prevailing attitude of soldiers in Viet Nam, it ran an Associated Press story from Saigon under a two-line two-column headline on page 2: "GI Morale, Vietnam Aid Impressive, Cowger Says." U.S. Rep. William C. Cowger, Kentucky republican and former Louisville mayor, had been flown to Viet Nam.

He was quoted as saying: "For the last few days, I talked with two groups of Kentucky Marines in the Da Nang area and (Thursday) I had Thanksgiving dinner with 27 Kentucky sailors aboard the carrier Coral Sea. To a man, they know why we are here. They would rather be home, but they recognize our commitment in the Far East must be met."

The "orthodox" press, it seems clear, has badly deluded itself by accepting the view of some political and military leaders, some bureaucrats and even some journalists that it has been basically unfriendly in its reporting of administration policies in Viet Nam.

Proponents of those policies complain of reporting that exposes conditions in South Viet Nam or "gives comfort to the enemy," photographs that show graphically the horrors of war, television news shows such as the one showing Marines burning Vietnamese huts, and the like.

Of course, there have been specific incidents which reflect well on the press and which the President or the generals did not like, but the White House and the Pentagon have had their way almost all of the time. They complain because the ideal press in the eyes of government officials and military men is a press that tells exactly and only what they want told. They don't quite have this, but the unfortunate fact is that they have something uncomfortably close to it.

Perhaps it is too much to expect, as the hostile critics of the press have contended through the years, that a press with an undeniable stake in the economic and political system would report fairly on those who are fundamentally dissatisfied with the status quo.

But the history of journalism is not without instances in which "orthodox" publications went "underground," and some examples cited herein demonstrate that sometimes some organs of information report facts that tend to disrupt the hegemony of the industrial - military - governmental complex. It is not too much to ask the men who publish and edit and write and broadcast for the mass media to examine their degree of complicity in the failure to tell it like it is.

If after honest appraisal they come to a conclusion different from the one reached here, that is fair enough. The critical need is the examination itself.

Insight into a disintegrating mind

By Jess Brownell

The appearance of this book (Twenty Letters to a Draft-Dodger: Hardsell & Triggerfinger: 273 pp; \$4.69) certainly comes at a most opportune historic moment.

At a time of civic unrest, jejune protest and the refusal of some to listen to their betters, this simple but harrowing story must surely have a salutary effect on the populace. The truly inspiring will never go unheeded.

Now, this is not to say that the book should simply be plunged into without adequate preparation. The early chapters were written some time ago, before the author's splendid change of heart, and are reproduced here without editing.

As the famous Dr. Meister, who was himself instrumental in bringing about the aforementioned reformation, explains in his inimitably styled introduction, "It was felt that the unadorned presentation of this story, however unpleasant the emotions it would at first arouse in the breast of the average reader, was imperative if our real aim, the depiction of both a particular form of delusion and the manner of its eradication, was to be served."

Still, much that we read is incredible. What, for example, are we to make the author's descrip-

tion of his home life? Can this environment, on the surface comfortable and middle-class, yet seething beneath with strife between the generations, full of bitterness and misunderstanding, ever have existed anywhere but in the writer's fevered mind?

No, we cannot believe it, but we must remember that the author then did.

A bad taste

The story of his school days also admittedly leaves a bad taste. What a university he would have



had us believe he attended! According to his view then, the teachers he actually met and worked with were for the most part mediocre time-servers, while the renowned figures upon whom the reputation of the school was said to depend were seldom seen at all, too busy, he writes, at research for which they were paid by the government to bother with anything so insignificant as a student.

Administrators, on the other hand, he describes as having an excessive concern with the students, especially with their personal lives, often even trying to di-

If you are black, and you run good, and jump good and catch good, then in the U.S. you are set apart from the man who is simply and plainly black.

You both come from the ghetto—the black athlete and the black man—but you are different. In subtle and often mischievous ways, the difference between you is far greater than between the white athlete and the white man.

This has always been the base (says the tragic shade of Jack Johnson) but only in recent months has it been given the shape and substance of a political movement.

A powerful movement it can be. Its power was manifest last week by the black boycott, the black coercive boycott, of the New York Athletic Club's annual indoor track meet in Madison Square Garden. By one stratagem or another, not all of them pretty, rebels persuaded both whites and blacks to stay away; they turned what is a world-famous competition into a white suburban kindergarten class.

Promoters' indignation

Those persons who are not athletes but who have a vested interest in athletics -- promoters, for example, or sports writers --- express righteous indignation, and at times a sort of hurt puzzle-

rect both their habits and their beliefs into predetermined channels. But again we realize that these chapters were written early, and in light of the author's later transformation, must be read with tolerance and an understanding of the book's ultimate purpose.

The same tolerance and understanding must be extended to that section of the book dealing with the author's disagreements with his government, his ventures into picketing and protest movements.

It is painful to read of his opinions at that time, of how he felt that his nation was involved in a war that was unjust in principle, and beyond that, horrible in execution, of his initial refusal to participate in that war, of his nightmare imaginings of policemen's clubs and jails, his unnatural and embarrassing fear of nuclear holocaust. One's desire to turn away is strong, yes, but a sense of duty will aid one to approach soberly this graphic insight into a disintegrating mind.

Inspiration

Of course, all that has gone before is justified only by the book's inspirational closing chapters. That the author's regeneration was achieved by methods that seem somewhat harsh, forms of treatment that some weak-stomached medical men might object to, should not bother the reader too much.

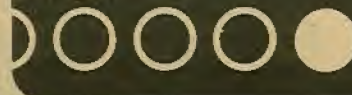
Results are what count, in this reviewer's estimation, and there can be no doubt, when one reads the author's ringing declaration of love for his country and hatred for those his leaders have designated as enemies, that a man once lost is now a loyal — and yes, a fighting — citizen.

In short, despite the many passages of doubtful veracity and questionable taste, I do not hesitate to recommend this book to all. The typography is attractive, the jacket well-designed. The author, whose photograph appears on the back, looks very fine in his uniform. If his gaze seems a bit blank, it is no doubt only that he was looking into the sun when the picture was taken.

Boycott dynamite

By Gideon E. Forsythe

talking sports



ment (There's nothing they like better than a docile athlete who will laugh when they tell him to laugh and cry when they tell him to cry.)

Indignation is what they express, but what they feel is fear --- because a successful rebellion by black athletes will hit them where it hurts, in the pocketbook.

Whenever a boycott threatens a sports event, the response is swift, a knee-jerk. The sports writers call up a couple of their trained seals (They have to be Negro seals) and put a few quotations in their heads:

"Sports is no place for politics. These youngsters don't realize it but they're hurting the Negro cause in America. Of course, I'm aware that Negroes don't always get an even break, we've got lots of problems still, but I wouldn't be where I am now if it wasn't for the great opportunity that sports gave me. Let's leave poli-

tics out of it."

And so on and so forth, ad nauseum.

Sports writers miss the point. Deliberately, I think. They say the black athletes ability got him out of the ghetto. They say, further, that he ought to be grateful, that he ought not to upset matters, that he ought not to close the door on his younger brother who, if he's nice, will be able to follow his path.

Political lever

That it all hinges on the black athlete's ability is precisely true. But what the sports writers ignore is that the leaders of the black boycott want to use their power not for athletes alone, but for ALL black people. Athletics is just the lever.

That is why Harry Edwards of San Jose State College, the chief organizer of the boycotts, is not an athletic leader. He is a political leader, who recognizes a weapon when he sees one, and knows how to use it.

And that is why the boycott of Mexico City's Olympic Games, if it comes off, will be political dynamite far beyond the crude scope of running and jumping and catching.

Don't forget, the world will be watching.

underground 1968

—continued from page 6

poning their decision until graduation this spring," Gompertz said. For most people, emigration is a last resort.

Even so, the flow—at least up until President Johnson's recent decision not to run—has been escalating. Gompertz says 10 to 15 people a day—many from the Bay Area -- go into Vancouver through the Vancouver Committee. And a lot, he said, don't even know about that group and don't check with it—or know about it and choose not to. These people can't be counted.

I checked these estimates with the lady in Vancouver, a Canadian. "It's been going up steadily," she said. Last November and December there were five people a day in the office. By January, it was up to eight or 10. Now? "It's over 16 a day."

And that's just Vancouver.

KMPX's striking staff will have a benefit for their strike fund WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, at WINTERLAND in S.F. Playing will be: THE GRATEFUL DEAD, THE ELECTRIC FLAG, THE (REAL) MOBY GRAPE, and IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY. STARTING AT 6 p.m. Admission \$3.00. 986-1597 is the phone number of strike headquarters. 50 Green street is the picket line. Volunteers welcomed, as is food, drink, and good vibrations.

"We've heard reports of a border patrol at Buffalo, New York," Gompertz said, "where draft resisters returning to visit the U.S. have been picked up. But these are paranoid rumors, which Berkeley is prone to."

Oh yes, there is paranoia. A society of secret agencies breeds it. Maiden didn't want to say much over the phone. Maybe it was tapped? A minister out at State College, who advises young draft-

age men, asked me half-seriously both at the beginning and the end of our interview whether I was with "the Feds."

A friend of mine visited Vancouver recently because he may have to go there soon. He came back bearing rumors of a border patrol, too. And of the F.B.I. spiriting draft evaders out of Canada back to the U.S. (until the Canadian government protested). And of the C.I.A. bugging Vancouver hotel rooms-- "Don't stay in the Ambassador if you go up," he told me quite seriously.

But in the main, if you have good prospects for a job and what Our Lady in Vancouver called "a solid legal status," you shouldn't be in too much danger.

"They're reluctant to leave their country," said Our Lady in Vancouver, "but many seem to feel they have little choice: Most of these kids would have fought in the Second World War. They aren't more cowardly than anyone else. It's this particular war that bothers them."

So they go to Canada, and maybe Eugene McCarthy's proposal of "amnesty" (made during the New Hampshire primary run) will sometime be adopted, and they can come back.

Meanwhile, as Hank Maiden said, "Canada is a kind of asylum, but an asylum with some limitations similar to prison." For one thing you have to watch your legal step very carefully or you could be kicked out. For another thing, there is travel: it's hard to travel without a passport, getting visas involves mounds of red tape and frustrations that few people want to tackle.

"Go north, young man?" Perhaps. But know what restrictions come with the freedom you gain, know what you are doing.

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Survival in prison

Maybe this type of theater just isn't our bag

By Douglas Giebel

"We cannot therefore afford to lose confidence in ACT. Not yet anyway. For what would the alternative be to losing them?"

— Stanley Eichelbaum

Tremors ranging from point 3 to point 7 rumble beneath the surface of the Bay Area's serious professional theater.

ACT, despite the towellings and the latherings of Eichelbaum/Knickerbocker / Swig / Magnin / Fleischacker, is on the ropes: it suffers from second-year tired blood, the management vagaries of William Ball and the ability to manage money with finesse matched only by Ramparts magazine.

Stanford's professional Repertory Theater appears doomed by an obtuse college administration whose philosophy is that nobody wants theater, even on a University campus. (Accelerators, not art.) And Randolph Hale's new venture on Broadway ("The Girl in the Freudian Slip") looks like just another commercial enterprise.

So it may be time to recognize that our professional theater as it now exists is just not our bag. Symphony maybe. Opera -- grand and civic light. Wheezy road shows. But not professional theater.

Glum view

I doubt if this glum view is premature, even though Henry Stein, capable manager of The Playhouse, has announced formation of a professional (i.e. Equity) company. Stein, tuned in to the needs of local drama (more important: he's successful), may be able to bring changes. Still, I disagree with Examiner reviewer Stanley Eichelbaum on the subject of professional theater.

Recently he wrote: "For a long

time now, I've been advising our little theaters to go professional. It brought a storm of protest from the few remaining amateur troupes in this city, where little theater has become an anachronism. That's not hard to understand when one considers how much professional drama we have available... How, then, can little theaters hope to compete or, for that matter, survive? Only by raising standards to a professional level."

Proponents of this Eichelbaum Theory should understand the subtle differences between "professional standards" (which some small companies try to attain) and "professionalism" (meaning to earn your living at a profession).

Little theaters cannot "go professional" without strong leadership, creative vision, sound management and a lot of money. No small resident troupes have money, only a few have strong leadership, efficient management. Yet some produce excellent creative work on miniscule budgets in dilapidated buildings or public parks.

Most artists would probably perform better if they could act full time. Theaters here would improve if the meager output from angels increased. But money cannot substitute for creativity and an Equity company is not the answer to very many ills.

Eleven days

ACT is a high-powered Equity company, yet its best actors leave because professional standards are not high enough -- although its professionalism is excessive. (Eleven days of preparation for "Man and Superman"! Any day now a Chronicle headline: "ACT's New Record: King Lear in Three Rehearsals.") Have we forgotten an Equity-professional production of "The Play's The Thing" a few years back? Our recent theater history is littered with professional abortions.

Eichelbaum's collected urgings founder on the hard-headed realization that the city has not so far been able to support adequately any but the most minimal financial needs of professional theater and that little theaters aren't in paranoic competition with the big time. Small groups are too busy trying to survive to worry about competing.

Alternately, creative people have smothered under professional responsibilities. The pressure to produce hits at the expense of experimentation to maintain a professional box office income has killed much talent. Little theaters can afford to experiment because they have so little to lose.

Some of the most interesting work I have seen recently was in a production of Buchner's "Woyzeck" performed by a nameless troupe of amateurs in Berkeley. Staged by Michel Leibert -- with no scenery, few props, suggested costumes, inadequate actors in minor roles -- the play was alive, visually exciting, real theater. (It may be revived in April.) The most disappointing production in recent memory was Stanford Repertory's professionally mismanaged, inaudible, incoherent, awkwardly-paced attempt at O'Casey's beautiful "Cock-a-Doodle Dandy."

Needs talent

Money still is not everything. Professional theater needs talent. And professional standards (whatever they are) were more evident in "Woyzeck" than in the O'Casey



Four men in conflict

Peter Beiger, Victor Arnold, Robert Christian, Bill Moor

By Creighton H. Churchill

Prisons are everywhere. People in violent, closed, alien environments, with bars or no, are cons or the victims of cons.

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES, now at the ENCORE THEATRE, 422 Mason in S.F., shows four prisoners and their guard adapting to a world of queers, pain, humor, and survival.

Focusing on Smitty, the new con, ably played by Peter Beiger, Fortune watches him grow (or degenerate) from a young naive heterosexual up for car theft into something horribly well adjusted. Smitty is ripe prey for Queenie,

an exotic fag with biting gallows humor, and Rocky, an ex-pimp rough-trade cell block leader. Holy Face, the old guard, and Mona, a sensitive butt-of-all-jokes, are the only two not hustling this new "body."

All the acting is excellent. Bill Moor's flawless mincing as Queenie sends shudders of vitality and humor through the tension. Ed Kovens is an adequate foil and counterpoint as the old guard, while Robert Christian's unusually handsome and sensitive face and manner make him a believable Mona.

Beiger appears a bit weak in spots as Smitty, but not enough to unbalance the character. Victor

Arnold is hard, gruff, plausible, as Rocky.

The measure of the play's success is that it leaves behind its potentially self-indulgent homosexuality and -- excepting Queenie, who becomes an almost-real girl -- underlines the pure emotions and conflicts of human beings confined in a Hell.

Entering the play's environment, the audience accepts the abnormal as normal, the terror as real. Up-beat pace, judicious use of physical violence, and Queenie's constant sniping spin the play like a mobile, into constantly changing patterns of power and character.

disaster.

Alternatives to losing ACT and SRT could include the success of the competent groups under Stein's guidance, the Mime Troupe, the Aldridge Players, etc., etc. More new plays might be produced, playwrights encouraged. A theater should emerge for the city's growing community of poets. More risks might be undertaken by producers and audiences. New angels could be secured. We critics might even raise our standards, too.

ENCOUNTER THEATRE's version of Beckett's "Happy Days" was given a misguided intellectual interpretation by director Michael McGuire. Besides drastically altering the setting, McGuire treated the audience to an extensive essay-program note, and compounded the misfortune by explaining his ideas to the audience after the final curtain.

Beckett can be rendered clearly enough so that essays may be left in the classroom. Pauline Hague tried hard to sustain the role of Winnie, though more inventive direction would have given her variety.

THE LAMPLIGHTER's new "Yoemen of the Guard" is colorful, but I was not taken by the general bounciness of many characterizations. Most satisfying was the duet between Gilbert Russak

Out of Context

From the collected criticism of the Chronicle's Paine Knickerbocker:

"Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" (Feb. 29 review): "... a bold choice" "Orestes" (Mar. 1): "... a bold imagination"

"The Stranger" (Mar. 3): "... was the boldest

"Candaules, Commissioner" (Mar. 3): "... far less boldly"

"Don't Shoot Mable" (Mar. 4): "... it presents a bold theatrical imagination"

"Bedlam in the Playground" (Mar. 5): "the liveliest and boldest"

"Cock-a-Doodle Dandy" (Mar. 8): "Charles Olsen directed this not off-produced play, staging it boldly..."

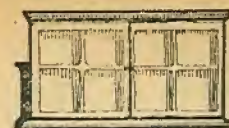
On the new Playhouse professional company (Mar. 15): "The resulting plan is a bold new concept." —D.G.

and Georgia Prugh: delicate and charming. Adrian Doyle was stiff as Fairfax, and the Yoemen were awfully imprecise. More rehearsal for the bit parts, please. Devoted fans of G. and S. may like it more than I.

I would rather not review the INTERPLAYER's "Eh?" Henry Livings, author of the piece, is one of my favorite new British playwrights and this production disguises his subtle merits. He deserves to be produced, and perhaps someone might approach this play (or his other work) with more delicacy.

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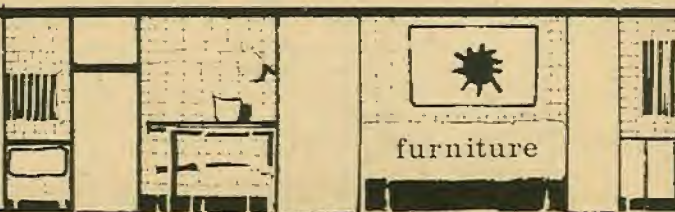


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Bette Davis -- the Terrible Mother with an eye-patch

By Margo Skinner

(The Anniversary, Warfield, S.F.)
(The Power, Northpoint, S.F.)
(Far from Viet Nam, Surf, S.F.)

"The Anniversary" is a psychological Grand Guignol featuring Bette Davis as the bitchiest Mum of all time. Wearing an eye-patch and some smashing clothes, she celebrates the anniversary of her marriage with her (probably deliberately) defunct husband.

Present for the revels are the three sons she has screwed up, the oldest with a wife painfully like the girl who married dear old dad, the youngest with a power-driving fiancée.

Middle son is hung up on ladies' underwear, and James Cossins plays this far-out character so well that he is the only one in the picture for whom one feels compassion. The rest are a pretty spineless and nasty lot. Mum

beats Iago for motiveless malignity; only Davis could get away with this caricature.

Please, no more

Tempo is well maintained by Director Roy Baker, and as black burlesque "The Anniversary" is often funny. But this has got to be the last of the Oedipics. NO punches are pulled. If we took it seriously, we'd be sick.

Stanley Donen's pleasant picaresque of love and marriage, "Two for the Road," is the accompanying re-release.

I had hoped that "The Power" would be adult science fiction. George Pal after all made "Destination Moon." But there is nothing in this film reminiscent of it except some interesting montages symbolizing pain.

Dial M for . . .

A mysterious superman remotely controls both men and machines,

and uses his abilities for long-distance murder. Trying to track him down are scientist George Hamilton, an odd-looking young man, and Suzanne Pleshette as his Girl Friday. Both are unimpressive.

Veterans Michael Rennie and Yvonne de Carlo are good, but wasted. An excellent idea, ruined by poor story and direction.

The accompanying re-run, Bergman and Quinn in "The Visit" is vastly more powerful than "The Power."

Hodgepodge solidarity

"Far From Vietnam" is an expression of "solidarity with the people and government of North Vietnam" by a group of distinguished French film-makers, including Resnais, Godard, Agnes Varda, Lelouch, and Joris Ivens. A mixture of documentary, inter-

views, fiction, Cinema-Verite, fiction, and newsreel blended by Chris Marker, it is alternately moving, terrifying, amusing, and crudely propagandistic.

Speeches by Ho Chi Minh, Westmoreland, and Castro alternate with Green Beret comic strips, scenes of American and European peace demonstrations, shots of North Vietnam under bombardment, Americans at home and in uniform, and the running figure of a flaming napalm victim.

The conflict is presented as a "rich man's war," the enemy an America which spends more per year on wrapping paper than India does on food. There are shots of military wealth: planes, ships, bombs, including the large anti-personnel fragmentation eggs, each containing 600 steel ball bearings designed to explode at chest level. Against these riches, North

Vietnamese poverty is the basis for that country's profound moral resistance, the film maintains.

Pro-Viet Cong

Much of the footage of the North is reminiscent of Felix Greene's film, and shots of the Western demonstration seem selectively to overstate the importance of Communist and pro-Viet Cong elements in the peace movement.

This is a film of commitment to Communism of the Ho-Che variety as the salvation of underdeveloped countries, with America as the big imperialist villain. There is never any talk of a third force that will look to neither Hanoi nor Saigon for direction.

Alain Resnais' "Night and Fog," a remarkable short documentary on Nazi concentration camps, also being shown, is a moving and terrible film, in which art and political principles are successfully fused.

New Channel 20 picks Bergman's 'adult' movies

By Creighton H. Churchill

On April Fool's Day our new UHF channel 20, KEMO-TV, slogged out of the marshes of mental oatmeal offered up by local television, and edged out onto the lonely shore of creative programming.

Maybe.

As the sixth television station and the second Ultra High Frequency broadcaster in the Bay Area, KEMO has a tough struggle

ahead to establish an identity--and give the viewer a reason for tuning in.

Mr. Ed and Mr. Sherwood

Kaiser's channel 44 collected a large audience with a programming identity of "Mr. Ed," the "Three Stooges," "Hazel" and a thunderingly off-hand substitute for a news department. The latter is called the Don Sherwood/Carter Blake-Smith report, starring KSFO radio heroes who rose, phoenix-like, from the wreckage of 44's original 15-man professional news team.

Newscasters in a void, like the tree in the forest when no one listens, make no noise when they fall. Audiences watch network news, KEMO, having learned, will give short summary briefs and break-in announcements.

As anti-toxin for channel 44's schedule, KEMO premiered a 9 p.m. "Movie for Adults," commencing with Ingmar Bergman's Academy Award-winning "The Vir-

gin Spring," a rather violently adult flick by industry standards.

KEMO has purchased an entire package of Bergman movies, plus other foreign and domestic films of recent vintage, so audiences may look forward to an almost "underground" series--cinema once considered too "gamey" for first-run houses.

Chimps in wasteland

T.V.'s downtrodden minority, the non-chimpanzee selective viewer, is the target for KEMO's progressive cinema policy. Their ad state, "Television's vast wasteland is shrinking."

Yet KEMO, like channel 44, has re-runs. They are cheap, fill air time, and do attract an audience. The current selection is not repugnant, at least, with "Combat," "One Step Beyond," and "Of Lands and Seas." Some sports broadcasting will be tried, probably soccer from the Oakland Coliseum.

For kids, channel 20 has the live Stan Wilson Show, with the usual "Astro Boy" style cartoons, but mixed with live guests and Wilson, the excellent folk singer/guitarist/teacher host. The show appears aimed at the intelligent, inquiring child.

Its San Francisco location enables KEMO to produce unique feature shows for national sale to sister stations. One export: the Melvin Belli show, a talk-interview-features operation starring the city's celebrated barrister. This in answer to 44's Joe Dolan and Steve Allen productions.

The mayor as culture?

There also is some flack about "specials" on San Francisco's culture, like Hippies, drunks, little theatre, Mayor Alioto, etc. One can hope.

Larry Turet, KEMO's manager, terms the station's identity a "program balance"; scheduling of programs that are not only distinctive (the movies) but also of wide appeal (wrestling, Batman). In the public interest category, KEMO is purchasing from KQED "the Mayors' Report," a weekly series where Bay Area mayors speak on the problems of the cities and the region.

KEMO has a resident production unit that will whip up spot commercials for an advertiser without going through an agency, and at the same cost as a top radio station ad. For the first time local T.V. enters the budget range of the regular advertiser, making

A Delicate Balance — out of balance

By Doug Giebel

("A Delicate Balance," ACT, Marines, S.F.)

Edward Albee has yet to write a satisfactory third act. "Virginia Woolf" almost makes it, but not quite; "Tiny Alice" is a mish-mash of metaphysical theatrics. Now, after seeing "A Delicate Balance" at ACT, I believe Albee ought to write his last act first, to give it the same excitement as his opening scenes.

The final third of "A Delicate Balance" is simply a limp come-down, little aided by the uninvited staging of Edward Hastings.

"A Delicate Balance" treads a fine line between comedy and reserved horror, and the ACT cast under Hastings' guidance plays the show mostly for laughs. Lines are belted into the balcony, everybody speaking staccato stage diction.

The chosen tempo -- at least on opening night -- was stilted, heavy, bang away at everything. Facial expressions and hair make-up seemed laid on with a trowel. All of it was like professional summer stock.

Actors deserve better

The performers (with one exception) are really more capable than this production suggests. Josephine Nichols has developed a good set of mannerisms for the mother, although her voice plays too often up and down the scale. Robert Geringer's performance begins too sharply, but he manages nearly to save the final scene.

Barbara Colby (who will leave ACT after this season) shows promise as the alcoholic sister, although her drunkenness is studied, and Ellen Geer just about makes the often-married daughter plausible for a couple of minutes in the second act.

I was less taken with Patricia Falkenhain's opening scenes, and

it competitive with all other media, including newspapers. A revolution reinforced as new stations enter UHF.

High voltage

Channel 20 broadcasts from the most powerful television transmitter in the U.S. -- 4.5 million volts -- giving it equal or better reception potential than the local VHF or UHF stations.

U. S. Communications Corp., owner of KEMO, is planning to complete an already started national chain of stations, all to be on the air in several years. (So is Kaiser).

The station is all color, and

I was appalled by Glenn Mazen's adenoidal playing of the frightened neighbor. Mr. Mazen works so hard that I found it impossible to believe a single moment of his performance.

Play deserves better

None of this really sounds very positive, but I think the actors are, for the most part, not to blame. The production has no delicate balance, and no delicacy, because the director has gone for surface values rather than for depth. Perhaps the rigorous rehearsal schedule of this company is also at fault, since none of the performances appeared close to a refinement of characterization.

All of the women "indicate" bitchiness and all of them end up sounding like Katherine Hepburn. No actor seems comfortable in the playing area (though continued performance will remedy this), and Hastings does not make full use of Dean Paul Staheli's setting, which was cold, functional and dull.

We deserve better

ACT has recently announced a murderous summer training program for actors (10 weeks; 8 hours - a day - 6 days - a week). It's a neat and (to quote the Chronicle) "unique" adventure. It will bring some funds into the company's dwindling and insatiable coffers. But if ACT is really our professional theatre, as it professes to be in a program note, then some might hope for less time spent training actors and more time devoted to rehearsing productions its public pays handsomely to see.

My opinions about "A Delicate Balance" may be slightly distorted. Before the play began, I overheard a rumor that Mr. Paul Shenar will play the role of Hamlet next season. For the rest of the evening, I found it difficult to concentrate on anything else.

uses a picked array of equipment, instead of having bought a factory "package" of cameras and broadcast paraphernalia.

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POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!
from here and there

By Christopher Newton

Bill Graham dominated the rock scene here the last few weekends with a heavy stream of English talent passing through his Fillmore and Winterland auditoriums.

THE WHO, one of the first and best of the English groups, played a weekend of slick pop music. Their act is as good as their sound, and lead guitarist Peter Townshend gave us a chance to see in person his famous climactic destruction, on stage, of guitar and amplifier. You saw a dramatized version in "Blow-Up," remember?

Rising to the top

CREAM, the most satisfying, both musically and emotionally, of the new three-piece groups, left the Fillmore in splinters after two weekends. Cream sustains a nearly overpowering level of intensity, and their free sound leaves a lot of room for spontaneous invention. Eric Clapton, guitar, Ginger Baker, drums, and Jack Bruce, bass and mouth harp are virtuosos; their name is arrogant but realistic; they are the cream. Their two Atco lps, "Disraeli Gears" and "Fresh Cream," should be in your collection.

A fourth, please

Stevie Winwood's three-piece group, TRAFFIC, played its first American engagement here, but didn't quite live up to the excellence of its album, "Dear Mr. Fantasy." The group recently lost its fourth man, and going on as a trio is questionable: the organ often has to provide bass lines, and this doesn't always make it. Winwood's white-soul vocal style does remain rich and full, even when he is exhausted by a 1,200-mile plane flight—as he was the night I caught him.

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BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS, the new group put together by Al Kooper and Steve Katz of the old Blues Project, played its first San Francisco engagements—at the Fillmore and Avalon Ballrooms. Eight pieces, with four horns, the group is grafting Maynard Ferguson style big band arrangements onto the rock idiom, and, while sometimes a little too Hollywood-commercial for my taste, sound fresh. Their slightly uneven Columbia lp, "The Child Is Father To The Man," is a good example of the new jazz-rock hybrid.

Revived scene

The revived Carousel Ballroom (Market and Van Ness) began its new career with a dance-concert by the GRATEFUL DEAD and the JEFFERSON AIRPLANE. The two

top SF bands have leased the ballroom for a year, and have the budget to finally give Bill Graham some competition. Graham consistently stages the best rock show in town, but the listening conditions at Winterland are not unlike sitting in a swarm of bees.

If the new management at the Carousel limits attendance, as planned, and keeps up the musical quality of its first weekend, the Carousel will be the best ballroom in the city. There's lots of room to sit and more to dance, and the atmosphere is relaxed and friendly.

CHUCK BERRY played last weekend at the Carousel, with the Dead. April 4-6 it's JOHN LEE HOOKER and MOTHER EARTH. And look for the first weekend in May, when the STEVE MILLER BLUES BAND returns from its triumphant dope bust in London—it should be a smash.

'Radio Free SF'

By Creighton Churchill

Green is the color of flower power. Not grass green, but money green: money from pop music, theatre, movies and the true Hip specialties -- roach clips and dance halls, posters and pot.

Just off "Nipple Alley" on Montgomery street, in the New Committee Theatre, there was a Monday afternoon business meeting to discuss the two-week-old KMPX radio strike. It was a grey flannel banker's nightmare.

People talked stocks, funding, SEC and FCC regulations, minority stock proxy fights -- intricate finance in multi-hundred-thousand dollar sentences. Yet they looked like a misplaced Fillmore auditorium dance. No three-piece suits, no brief cases.

Program director Tom Donahue and his out-of-work staff members met with members of San Francisco's cultural underground, various media-men and, most important, the prosperous businessmen of Hip—like Bill Graham, entrepreneur of the booming Fillmore auditorium.

Beaded, bearded, belled and buckskinned, they listened to Donahue, creator of the KMPX experimental FM rock radio phenomenon, outline the issues that caused the entire staff -- sales, deejays and engineers -- to walk out of

KMPX and its sister station KPPC in Los Angeles.

30 grand a month

Donahue, Larry Miller, Milan Melvin and friends took over the programming and sales when KMPX was a foreign language tape station with mounting debts. After one year the station was grossing \$30,000 per month.

KMPX was a highly unorthodox success, limiting itself to eight commercials per hour when the National Broadcasters Assn. recommends 18. Personal opinions and rather eccentric records filled the air. Reacting against a series of constricting policy directives, firings, wages sometimes under Federal standards and occasional bouncing checks, the staffs walked out.

Both stations now use strike-breakers recruited from broadcasting schools and colleges. There are no commercials on KMPX, and only two sponsors on KPPC.

Hip people are solidly behind the strike. They want a "free" community-owned station that opens wide fields for the staff to experiment in.

But beyond this goal there was little altruism evident on Monday. For hipness also makes good money.

Coining a new phase

Under a sign reading "A penny saved is a penny" (part of the set of "Beggars' Opera," currently playing at the Committee) Bill Graham announced:

"Money is no problem... let's get back to the type of company we'll form."

And there is no doubt something will be formed. Probably with the present professional KMPX staff on a commercial contract, KMPX -- or something like it -- is a superb idea. Capitalism with an acid tinge.

It works so well it could boost the coming revolution: Hip musicians, agents, brokers, bankers, all pushing beaded gentleness with a hard-edged sense of the dollar.

Witness the Jefferson Airplane and Grateful Dead's recent takeover of the Carousel Ballroom. The Hip revolution is out of the streets now, and about to begin working its way through underground radio, television, films and newspapers; gradually to merge, perhaps, into a "Fifth Network" that will change minds and clear heads from inside out.

The rules have changed, Stockbroker Jones, but not the check-books.



By Creighton H. Churchill

NO ONE YELLED UNCLE

Sporting a black velvet Nehru pants-suit with red turtle-neck, NOEL HARRISON opened at the HUNGRY I, successfully braving the night club circuit after a year's lapse as the "Gir! from Uncle's man" on television. The former folk-type London singer was assisted by Penny Nichols, a "new-folk" singer, and Jim Rinehart, a lesser comedian but a superbly laconic juggler. Backed by pick guitar, electric bass, piano and drums, Harrison Dylanesques through several semi-talk message songs, then rhythmized up into the title song from his new "Santa Monica Pier," a Gay Nineties happy thing he wrote to go with the album cover photo. Harrison seems his best in the '90's music hall style, and is pleasing, but not exciting, in Leonard Cohen's message songs like "Suzanne takes you down..." Above all Noel is highly professional, using his not magnificent voice in beautiful arrangements with good backing. His stage manner is outstanding, particularly in a "fagged" version of what he termed a very "Butch" American song, the "When You're a Jet" bit from West Side Story. Penny Nichols is pretty, young, blonde, and has a true, clear voice in the Judy Collins manner. She writes her own material: words being primary, the musicology and backing of guitar and bass simple and uncluttered. She is a growth singer, displaying much potential in what is now a good act, one that later will be better. Jim Rinehart is entertaining but needs a new writer. Two shows nightly -- and a very likable way to spend a spring evening.

SZABO 5, TAMBA 4

Dialogues for guitars, with conga, traps drums and a string bass acting as occasional editorialists, are the specialty of the GARBOR SZABO QUINTET, which enlivened the TRIDENT in Sausalito.

The unusual instrumentation--Szabo on electric amplified guitar and James Stewart on classical Spanish--heightens the effect of the quintet's unique musicology. While the classic guitar runs cool light scales and chord series as a background, Szabo will pick out soaring, counterpointing riffs, occasionally leaning into his amplifier to produce a polite feedback, lengthening a note without screech. Trading places, Gabor backgrounds for the excellent fingerwork of Stewart's unamplified playing and the statement is tossed around the group for improvisations. Szabo's repertoire is usually soft, sometimes Bossa Nova tunes, always well done and intriguing.

The Trident at night looks like a movie set, something out of "I Spy," built out over the water with San Francisco's lights in the background. Opening April 2 is the TAMBA 4, a fast rising Brazilian jazz group with several records out -- updated Bossa Nova and more experimental.

THERE'S CAMPBELL 'ROUND BIMBO'S, GEEZINSLAW

Snook, Texas, is a nice place, so small and backward that the local head of the Mafia is Polish. And it's just a stone's throw from the LBJ ranch. So say the GEEZINSLAW BROTHERS, who've tossed their share of rocks at LBJ. They're a wild pair of hip country singers in residence at Bimbo's 365 Club, Columbus and Chestnut in S.F. Along with top-billed singer GLEN CAMPBELL, the brothers present an entertaining, rather hip county and western plus jokes show.

Campbell, winner of four "Grammy" disk awards for best male vocalist in 1967 ("Gentle on my Mind," "By the time I get to Phoenix, etc."), was lightly sabotaged by Bimbo's mikes which cut richness and timbre from his voice, particularly in strong and higher phrases, but opened with "Gentle", won his audience, and moved into a semi-country set that encompassed banjo solos and Beatles songs. Backed by his own group of bass, drums and organ, plus judicious riffs by the DICK FOY house band, Campbell gave a very "wholesome" impression, like a damn good college performer, but the tight arrangements revealed his 15 years as a professional singer. Gentle with power, uncluttered but sophisticated, Campbell's show was good. Even his attempts at stage patter, while sometimes bouncing like lead basketballs, were done in a relaxed "Ah Shucks" manner that eased the cringes. Two shows nightly, dinner show at 9:30 p.m., with dancing to Foy's orchestra, which is one of the best non-rock groups in the city. Opening April 4 is RUSTY WARREN, "Miss Knockers Up," a singer-comedienne with a basic message, situated just below the borscht belt buckle, but rather funny. Her "Knockers" album is a best seller. Honest.

SHORT, DOUBLE, AND UNDER TAKES

CAROL DODA, the city's other double-header, is considering a nightclub offer in Hawaii, all the while studying with the A.C.T. training classes and making occasional movie appearances.

One of the finest ways to spend a Sunday afternoon is at the NEW SHAKESPEARE COMPANY'S production of "Alice in Wonderland." Presented at the Episcopal Church at Bush and Gough streets in S.F., the excellent cast, starring Esther Yuen as Alice, plays for both children and adults, keeping the spirit of the book. 771-5290 for tickets.

At the TRUTTON GALLERY, 3381 Sacramento in S.F., Peter Shoemaker's pleasing show of pastels oils, done in a spare and sometimes calligraphic manner, will close Thursday, making way for J.J. Aasen's exhibit of drawings and paintings.

War Veterans Open Up

— continued from page 1

servicemen.

You don't hear much about this because the military has spared no effort to maintain its solid front that, no matter what critics say at home, the men fighting in Viet Nam have no doubts about what they're fighting for.

Cooperative News Media

And an acquiescent news media passes this along with few questions. (For example, a Guardian survey of Bay Area newspapers reveals a negligible amount of reporting veteran's views of the war -- at Travis AFB, Letterman General Hospital, the Naval

(Former Capt. Printer L. Bowler, 26, was separated last Dec. 31 from the Army at Ft. Lewis, Wash., after serving for a year in psychological warfare at Danang, Vietnam. The Scobey (Mont.) native also served a year with Seventh Army Hdqts. in Stuttgart, Germany, and a year at stateside posts including Ft. Lewis and the Defense Language Institute at Monterey.)

(A member of a distinguished Montana Republican newspaper family, Bowler was graduated from the University of Montana School of Journalism in 1963. His grandfather, Burley Bowler, founded the weekly Daniels County Leader in Scobey in 1922. His father, Larry, still publishes the Leader and his uncle, Duane, is the editor of the Billings (Mont.) Gazette.)

Hospital at Oak Knolls in Oakland, at the Oakland Army Base. Critical comments on the war are glossed over in the manner of the "Thanksgiving Day death," as documented for the first time in print by Prof. Nathan Blumberg on page 3.)

Generally, my questions were answered with typical GI terseness: "You gotta be nuts to handle that mess," says Jerry Y----, 20, an Army PFC from Wyoming. "Man, you can take that whole frigging country and cram it . . . who needs it anyway?" asks Marine corporal Robert T ----, 21, of Boston.

Drawled a young Louisianan, an Airman 3rd Class, "This is one bag my mother never told me about -- the whole place ain't worth blowing your nose over."

Serious Appraisals

However, many remarks revealed a more serious and sophisticated appraisal of the soldiers' experience in Viet Nam. Here are the majority of war criticism themes I found in my interviews:

● Many don't like the idea of going to a foreign country they'd never heard of before to fight what a tall Texas sergeant told me is "anybody's but our war."

● Many don't like leaving their families and jobs to fight "a futile war that will end -- if it ever does -- like it started: a mess of Asians fighting over who gets to collect the rent," as Captain Tom M-----, a recent Viet Nam veteran and Army officer for nine years, puts it.

● Some strongly suspect that a policy founded primarily on military force is futile. Says George S----, 43, an Air Force Master Sergeant with 17 years service: "Y'know, you could chase those little guys (VC) through those jungles for a 100 years and never catch half of them. Fighting them this way just isn't working . . ."

● Others criticize the bombing policy used in North and South

Viet Nam as being ineffective. As another Air Force sergeant told me at Travis AFB: "The power we have over there is awesome-- Jesus! you can't imagine how many tons of bombs we've dropped on those Cong! But what's it done? They wiped a lot of tails last month (the VC's massive February Tet offensive) in spite of our bombing -- in spite of everything . . . After the war I'm going into the mining business, my friend. There's a pile of metal in them hills that never went to seed."

● Some view our involvement in Viet Nam as unjust interference in an Asian civil war. A Navy pilot from Akron, Ohio, provides the following historical view: "It is a matter of dealing with a complex circumstance that grew out of Viet Nam's anti-French, anti-colonial fight for independence, the influence of communism, and our inability to see Viet Nam in terms other than as a prong of monolithic worldwide conspiracy. We are supporting a vicious, self-perpetuating dictatorship there, and we have no right to decide for the Vietnamese people that their military dictators will be better than their communist ones . . . The real issue is how to successfully live -- not die -- with different ideologies."

● Some think the problem is not military, but economic. An Army major from Chicago, with 11 years service, returned from Viet Nam with this view: "We're using bombs and guns when we should be demanding drastic land reforms of the South Vietnamese government. More than 90% of the land in South Viet Nam is owned by about 5% of the population -- the aristocracy. It's a feudal system not unlike 11th Century France, lord and manor and serf, the whole set-up . . . The Viet Minh (later to become Viet Cong) found solidarity on a land and political reform platform -- and they were outlawed and excluded from the land-owner government. We've put them in a political ghetto, and they got mad and fought against it. I would have done the same."

The above are only examples of what I've found, and I don't pretend that they reflect the thinking of all servicemen. They do, however, reflect the fact -- undeniable to anyone who's served in Viet Nam, or who's talked privately with returning servicemen -- that substantial doubt and disillusionment exist and are mounting among fighting men in Vietnam.

Those Who Know

The men on the war front are among the first to question what the government has been telling them and the public at home: all is well and we're going to win. They know better. As one college-educated Specialist Five told me at a busy Market St. corner:

"It's bad and it's getting worse."

I tried, unsuccessfully, to discuss my findings with military officials in charge of returning servicemen to the Bay Area. Most made themselves unavailable, or answered so defensively their remarks were not worth printing. At the Presidio, I put the question of troop morale to a key official in the Information Office.

"To my knowledge," he replied, "There is no official statement that describes the feelings of men returning from Viet Nam. We're

in no position to comment officially." In Viet Nam, he added, official statements on troop morale come from Gen. Westmoreland "and this is all we have to go by here."

After being assured of anonymity, he opened up a little: "Personally, I think that the vast majority of the boys in Viet Nam pretty well know what the hell is going on -- they're with the program, you might say."

I told him of the disillusionment I found among many returning veterans. "I've been talking to a lot of GIs and I've found many of them bitter and frustrated with the war."

He replied quickly: "Yeah, but you gotta remember that this is a war not fought as an all-out objective war. It has political ramifications. It's damn hard for a soldier or commander to fight a limited war. The political restrictions on the application of force sometimes make it frustrating. 'When a soldier goes to Viet Nam, you're asking him to dip all his chips in a game where he can win only a limited pot,' he said.

"Is that the only reason for their frustration and doubt?" I asked.

"Well, yes, as far as I know," he answered.

Apathy or Pessimism

Many soldiers, career men and draftees are either indifferent or pessimistic about the war's outcome. Nobody I talked to was optimistic about a quick ending -- despite Johnson's peace offensive and bombing reduction.

Where political and moral indifference is found in Viet Nam veterans, it comes in several shades. Some view their 12-month combat tour simply as an undesirable assignment they must perform

Dissent among Viet Nam war veterans has surfaced into a national organization called VIET NAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR. A full-page advertisement sponsored by the vets in The New Republic (March 30), has been endorsed by hundreds of soldiers in the Special Forces, Marine Corps, Navy, Air Force and Army.

The following is an excerpt from their protest:

"We believe that this 'conflict' in . . . Viet Nam is wrong, unjustifiable, and contrary to the principle of self-determination on which this nation was founded . . . We know, because we have been there, that the American public has not been told the truth about the war or about Viet Nam . . ."

as a career soldier. Others see the trip as a big step toward promotion and speeding up their military careers.

Many of the younger men see the war as an opportunity to get some kicks, make extra money and travel.

"It's great, man," beamed a young buck sergeant. He had just deplaned from Danang, and twitched excitedly at the commercial air counter at Travis AFB where he was buying a ticket home to Buffalo, N. Y.

"I'm going back right after my leave, too," he added. He is one of many who take advantage of the military's massive "Vietnam re-up" program: Extend your tour for six more months and the military flies you anywhere in the world for a free 30-day leave (not charged against regularly accrued leave of 30 days per year).

Pile that on the attractive heap of three substantial pay raises in the last four years, combat pay, extra food allowance and a myriad of other benefits for the Viet Nam fighting man, and it's not too hard for many to ignore or forget the why's and wherefore's of the war. "You're crazy to knock a good deal like that," said Capt. Bill P-----,

The Bay Guardian Poetry Voice

Love poem from the mind

The mind burns clean:
a pure flame, blue, vertical,
as from a bunsen burner.

Or it burns orange,
immense: the high stacks
burning waste gases at refineries
on the dry Texas plains.
The mind burns pure
with no wood or ashes.
It leaves only a thin film
which covers things
like stones, buildings, and you,
my love.

— Geron Bruce

The King's Sequence

No king is innocent and
from the next room sullen
sounds of love. Who rules
there, I wonder?

No king is innocent and
I insist this room break
to my mind's form. I

have gathered the foul oak
instead of ivy.

II

No king has too much.
At the founding of New Carthage
the boundary stakes were carried away
twice by wolves. But they were put
back. In the Roman house the room
was always broken to the king's measure.

The broken line of the aqueduct
goes on to the horizon.

— Geron Bruce

*Address submissions to Stanley McNail,
Poetry Editor, To The Bay Guardian*

a young career Army officer from Mobile, Ala. "Sure, I think the war's stupid, but I don't let it bug me. A man has his career to think about and I'm not going to throw it away by making a bunch of noise. You get a bad (efficiency) report and it's all over. I just hope I don't have to go back (to Viet Nam) again -- it's just not worth it to me."

Feelings contrary to current policy are rarely expressed within the military where they might be overheard, for fear of retribution: "You just don't talk about those things in the service, or you get marked as pinkie or dove and you can forget about your career," an Army Staff Sergeant told me at SF airport.

The only significant support of the war I found took the form of personal vengeance -- not support of administration foreign policy. Many soldiers have lost a friend to a sniper's bullet, a mortar shell or mine explosion. They are bitter and they want revenge: "I'm gonna go back and kill every one of those dirty little b-----," hissed a PFC of the 1st Cavalry Division as he stared into his half-empty beer glass. "They got him and I'm going to get them, I don't care who says what."

What about U.S. involvement in Viet Nam?

"I don't know, and I don't care," he replied. "All I know is we're there, and for some it's been fighting . . ."

a piece of pretty bad luck."

Price of No Glory

The wounded who return, as might be expected, are naturally bitter about a war that has maimed and disabled them. I found this true in many cases, but it is not simply a bitterness at the misfortune of being injured: It is the gradual realization, after weeks and months of painful staring at the ceiling of a hospital ward room, that maybe the sacrifice is for nothing.

Of the many wounded men I've talked to in Viet Nam and at home, my most moving experience came at the Danang Naval Hospital just before I was flown home.

The 19-year old Marine corporal I saw on the bed before me had the shape of a large, puffy index finger, slightly crooked. The sheet lay flat on the mattress where his entire right leg, hip and half his abdomen used to be -- they had been blown away a week before when he stepped on a land mine near Phu Bai.

His voice was a hoarse whisper: "I just don't know anymore, I was really ready to get with it and kill off the Charlies, you know, for America and freedom and all that stuff . . . now here I am and half of me's gone, God, it's GONE! And they're still fighting . . . they're always gonna be fighting. I didn't have to get blown up, and it'd still be the same. They'll always be fighting . . ." (Copyright reserved)

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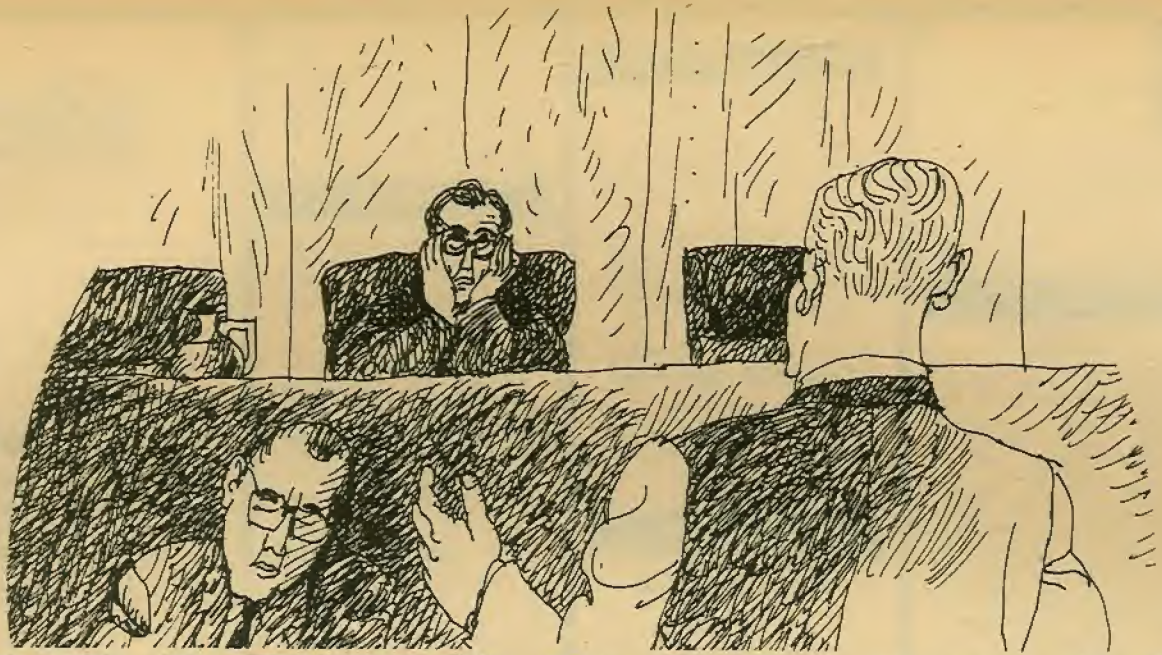
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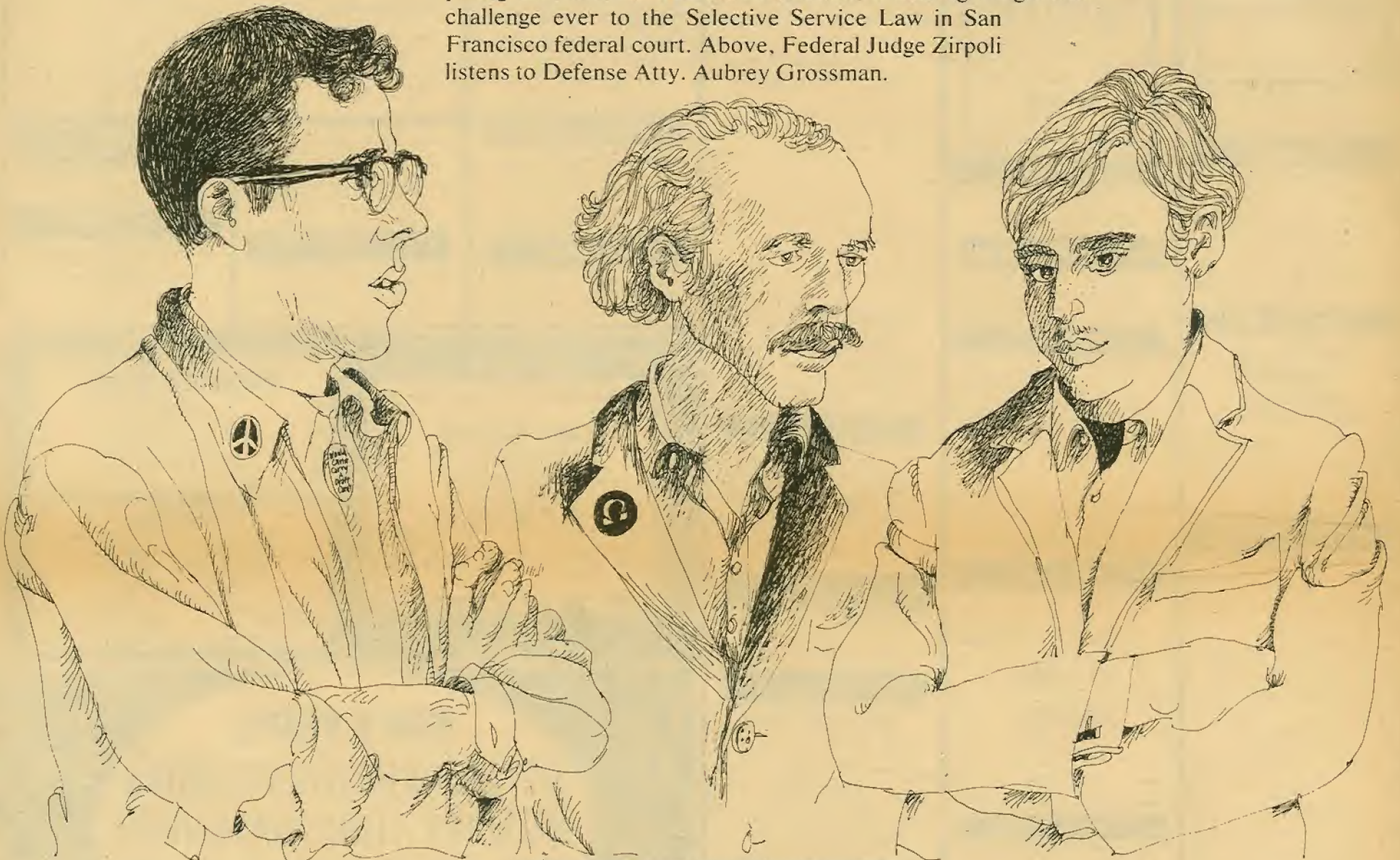
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THE DRAFT'S DAY IN COURT

A special panel of 100 Bay Area attorneys, representing some 100 young men who have refused induction, is making the greatest challenge ever to the Selective Service Law in San Francisco federal court. Above, Federal Judge Zirpoli listens to Defense Atty. Aubrey Grossman.



"A person who feels like I do about the Selective Service system would have to tell you about his entire life before you would understand his reasons for non-cooperation. Non-cooperating with the law was an attempt on my part to be responsible and a human being of integrity during a situation I found myself in down in Arkansas, working as a Civil Rights organizer."

Vincent O'Connor, 26, of 584 Page St., son of Superior Judge Raymond J. O'Connor, juvenile division.

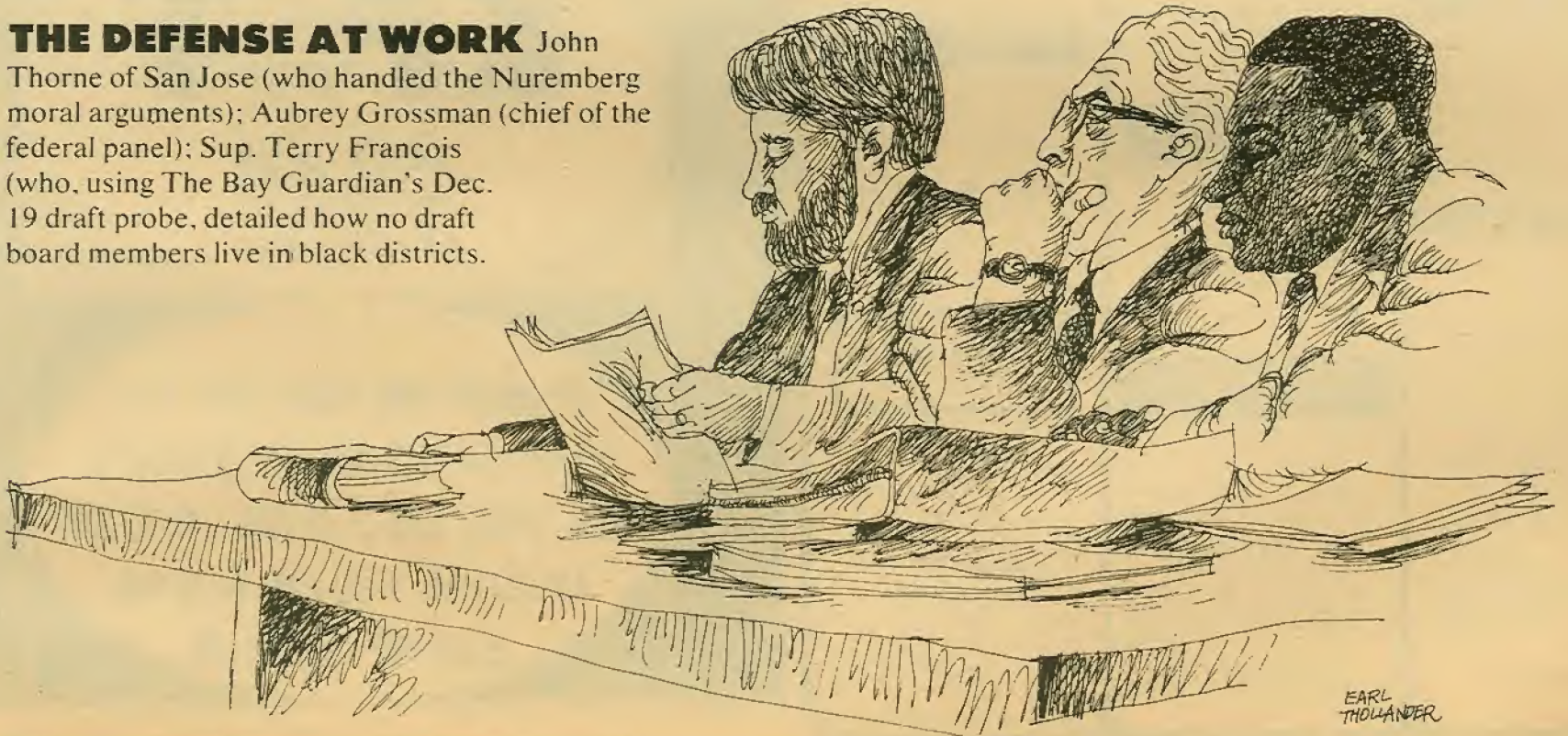
"I think each person has to keep his responsibility; that is, his ability to respond. You have to choose what you do with your life—and fighting in Vietnam is not a very good start. I refused induction two years ago, and everyone said I had no choice but to go—but I do have a choice and I have made it. The courts say that the matter of draft resistance is legal, rather than political or moral. Yet I can't separate my views of politics and law and moral standards—they must all be one."

Robert Rusk, 24, of 35 Ramona Ave., San Francisco.

"I can't morally go through with it (military service) now. I hope what I am doing—as a small part of what other draft resisters are doing—will affect the present administration. The war is unconstitutional. It runs directly against the true American ideals."

George Beebe, 24, of 1595 Kensington Circle, Los Altos.

THE DEFENSE AT WORK John Thorne of San Jose (who handled the Nuremberg moral arguments); Aubrey Grossman (chief of the federal panel); Sup. Terry Francois (who, using The Bay Guardian's Dec. 19 draft probe, detailed how no draft board members live in black districts).



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